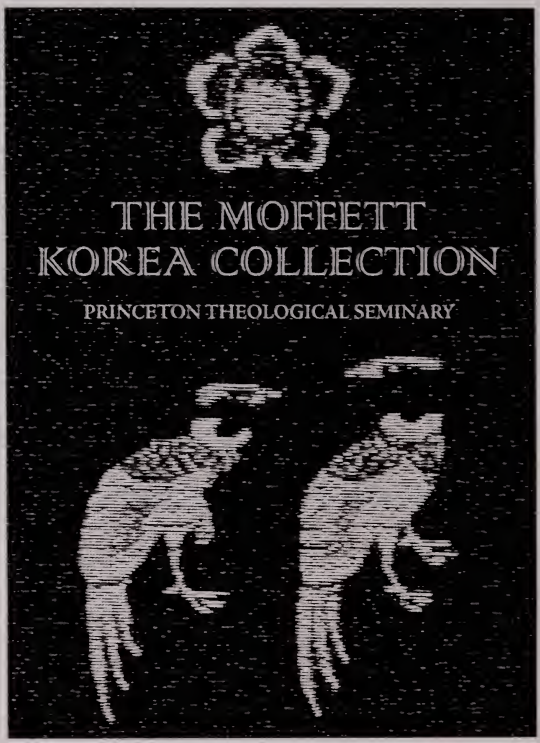
The HAPPIEST GIRL IN KOREA

MINERVA L. GUTHAPFEL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Miss Ella Finley Reynolds

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KOREAN GIRLIES

The Happiest Girl in Korea

And Other Stories From The Land of Morning Calm

By

MINERVA L. GUTHAPFEL

ILLUSTRATED

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Dedicated to

the brave little people, children of missionary parents, who are forced at an early age to leave mother when she seems the dearest and father when he seems the nearest, to journey to the distant homeland for education and the acquiring a purer manhood and womanhood, this book is affectionately dedicated. :: ::

All hail to them, who when childhood is passed, with homesickness, loneliness and heartaches all conquered, turn with loving hearts to their Maker first, then to the Missionary Societies, and are sent back to the help of the people for whose well-being their parents laid down their lives. :: ::

Yours the sacrifice,
Yours will be the reward.

PREFACE

"Please tell me a *story* of the children in the country where you have been."

"Sister, do you know anything else about Korea, tell it to me in a *story,* won't you?"

"So glad you came to us to-day, hope you will tell the children in our Sunday School something about Korea, but do tell it in a *story* form if you can. They like stories best."

The first request comes to the missionary who is speaking in the homeland, from the little children in the homes where she is entertained, the second request is from the lips of the little sister in her own seldom visited home, and the third from the faithful Sunday School superintendents and teachers. Children like everything in *story* form. The writer of these stories loves children, and now places before them, in writing, the stories she told in answer to these requests.

To the older people we would say that every story is founded on fact, and taken from incidents that happened in the brave little land of "Morning Calm." The majority of these stories first appeared in the *Woman's Missionary Friend* and the *Children's Missionary Friend* of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Two stories, "The Prince of Korea," and "Youpo-gie," were published by *Everyland,* the in-

terdenominational missionary magazine for boys and girls. To these two papers the writer wishes to return sincere thanks for both the printing of the stories and the return of them for use in this little book.

The "Happiest Girl," "More About the Happiest Girl," "You-po-gie," and the "Prince of Korea" are true incidents reported from actual happenings, therefore *true stories.*

May the reading of these stories be as much a blessing to the friends who shall wander through them, as the experiencing and writing of these incidents have been to the lover of Koreans.

M. G.

Seoul, Korea.

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I

THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN KOREA

"DID you want me?" The missionary smiled into the eager brown face turned toward her.

"Yes," answered the fourteen-year-old Korean girl who had called after her. Dropping her hand from the latch of the hospital door the missionary turned and sat down on the floor beside the girl.

"What is it, Oak-pun-ie?"

There was a moment of shy silence, then a question: "Are you going to your own country soon, Lady?"

"Yes, dear, in one week's time."

"Will you see the people, your friends, who sent all the things for this Christmas tree and the presents for all of us?"

"Oh, yes, if God spares me to get to them!" was the answer.

"Well," a pause, "I just wanted to say,—tell them that Oak-pun-ie thanks them, will you?"

Pleased with the sweet request, the missionary gladly assented, but laughingly said: "Oak-pun-ie, these friends of mine do not know you. How shall I tell them who you are?" The answer came quickly.

"Why, tell them, Oak-pun-ie, the happiest girl in the world!"

"Happiest girl in the world?" The missionary gasped. "No, no, Oak-pun-ie, I couldn't say that. The world is big and you might not be the happiest in it, or at least, my friends might not think you were!" The bright face fell, but soon cleared again.

"Well, then, tell them *the happiest girl in Korea!* Yes, that is better. There is no one happier to-day in my country than I."

The missionary looked at the tightly shut lips and the eager face, and marvelled. If the Master were seated there at that moment, would He not say, "I have not found so great a *heart,* no not in all Israel?"

Before her mind's eye passed the brief life story of that girl,—her birth into a poverty-stricken home, with hunger and cold for constant companions; later, sold as a slave to a wealthy Korean family, her parents receiving in exchange the food that would keep the hungry little ones left; hard work and cruel beatings added to the earlier companions, until the bitterly cold day when two hands and a foot suffered frost-bite and pain was added to the already weary load of hard experiences; then, months after, when work had become impossible, a journey with her owners to "that foreign doctor, to get you well as soon as possible, so that you can be of some use."

The little hospital reached, frightened at the foreign women, but too ill to care much, she slept beneath snowy sheets on a funny thing which these foreigners called a bed. The

awakening next day brought comfort, however,—food, warmth, kind words, yes, even a smile from the sweet-faced doctor and nurses. When she asked about her owners, she was told that they would not come for her for a long, long time, if she would stay and be made well. Weary and suffering, she said, "It will be good," and resigned herself to Fate. It couldn't be worse than it had been.

The months passed until eight had flown by. Many days were spent in burning fever, many also in comparative comfort, when the pain lessened. Several times she had been put to sleep with some strange smelling "yak" (medicine) and when she had awakened, the doctor and nurses had said: "Now you will be better, Oak-pun-ie. We have fixed your hands and the sore foot." But somehow, they always hurt again after a time. How she dreaded these daily dressings! But it helped some if the American nurse, or that American "ping-in pou-in" (sick lady) would come and hold her hands and foot. Then she could keep her lips shut better and moan through them instead of crying aloud.

A shudder passed over the missionary as she remembered the days when she had held the poor hands and foot. How well she recalled her own illness later, the hasty removal from the city, the return in a little better health, and the first visit to the hospital.

Seated in the sunshine of the September day was Oak-pun-ie, looking much better also. With a little cry of joy she held up two handless arms and one footless leg.

"See, Lady, the doctor cut my pain all away when you were gone." Again the missionary shuddered as she saw the girl so eager to tell the news that no more daily dressings were to be endured.

That was September; this, the twenty-fifth of December, 1906; the place, the little hospital of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Seoul, Korea. The Christmas exercises with the patients had just been held, and the little Christmas tree, robbed of its gifts, glimmered in the corner. The missionary smiled an apology into the eager eyes looking into hers.

"I was just thinking, Oak-pun-ie, of what you said. Yes, dear, I will tell my friends that the happiest girl in Korea thanks them, provided you will tell me why you are the happiest, so that I can convince them of the fact." Oak-pun-ie's brow was wrinkled for a moment, but soon cleared.

"All right, that is easy. There are several reasons."

"Very well, name them," said the stupid missionary, "and I will count. First?"

"Why, let me see." Oak-pun-ie looked very wise. "First, I am the happiest because I have had all my pain taken away."

"One," counted the missionary.

"Oh, yes! and I haven't been beaten once, all the months I have been here."

"Two," counted the missionary, after she had choked something down in her throat.

"And then I haven't been hungry since I came, either."

"Three," continued the counter, swallowing hard.

"And O Lady! the doctor says I am never going back to those people but am to stay here always!"

"Four," said the listener, a mental picture of the poorly equipped, over-crowded, inconvenient hospital, *as a home forevermore,* rising before her.

"And, oh! I must not forget, Lady. Why, there's another! I've seen a Christmas tree. I never saw anything so pretty before."

"Five," counted the lady, as she looked at the tree decked with seven tinsel ornaments, left over after the other trees had been trimmed. She wondered what the little sister in America would say if she had to *endure that tree* even one Christmas season.

Turning to the child before her, she found her silent, with eyes that did not look sad, yet shining through tears. "What is it, Oak-pun-ie?" she said gently. "Have you told me all?"

"No, Lady, one more, and it's the very last. Oh! don't you know, can't you guess? Why, they told me that if I would pray to Jesus, he would take my sins away, just as he did for the others here who have hands and feet. They said he loved me, too, Oak-pun-ie, who hasn't any hands and only a foot! And I did it, *and he did!* He took them all away. And he loves me, I know it inside here. Isn't that enough to tell your people? Lady, it's true, I am the happiest girl in Korea. Tell them 'Thank you,' please, for me!"

The missionary rose with tear-dimmed eyes, scarcely able to speak. "I will, Oak-pun-ie, I will," she said. "God bless you, dear, I will. I'll tell them."

Outside the door she caught her breath and let the tears fall on the snowy ground. "O God," she breathed, "if I must go back to my country to get well, let me have the chance to tell them of the happiest girl in Korea."

God heard, and she is telling it to you of America.

They are listening, Oak-pun-ie! You have not lived and suffered in vain, dear one. Your "Thank you" will be heard!

II

MORE ABOUT THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN KOREA

THE Happiest Girl in Korea was very, very busy. She was writing the first letter that she had ever sent out of her own country. It was not an ordinary letter, either. It was a "thank you" letter. Neither had our Happiest Girl been to school; so this letter writing business was a difficult one, because, if you remember, the Happiest Girl in Korea had had both hands and one foot removed. To-day, as she sat gravely before a little table on the floor of the "Salvation for all Women" Hospital, in the city of Seoul, Korea, she wrinkled her brow and frowned repeatedly, for the pencil would slip and the letters would not keep straight in line as they ought to do. It took a long while to do it, but one letter was at last finished.

It was quite a long letter, fully a yard long, written up and down the page, from left to right, in Korean style. The whole of its contents we would like to give, but a little bit will have to do. So here goes for a little piece of it:—

"The land of Tai Han (Korea), foreign third moon, first day (March 1), 1910.

"To our loving Pou-in:

"Are you in health in the midst of God's grace, and is all your household well? As for Oak-pun-ie, now baptized Anna Song, she is still living in the land of Tai Han, and is trying to wear the goodness of the Heavenly Father, and *has nothing of which to complain.*"

Three lines of this letter you will see in the Korean characters. The "thank you" part there is not space to print.

The letter finished, Oak-pun-ie rests a while, for it had to be written with a lead pencil tied securely between two handless arms, and keeping it steady was not an easy task.

While resting, the nurse came to her: "Well, child, how are you getting along?"

"Oh," answered the Happiest Girl, "there's one done. Can the lady read it, do you think?"

The nurse took the letter, slightly turned her back, and used her handkerchief freely. It is a strange thing, but somehow, when folks look at our Happiest Girl and talk to her, note the affliction, yet see the sweet face ever beaming, it makes a lump in the throat, and water comes to the eyes, and folks use their handkerchiefs, when Oak-pun-ie isn't looking. The nurse read the letter, which was really written very well, better than many written by those who have hands.

"Why, yes, Anna" (for we must now call Oak-pun-ie by her baptized name), "it's beautifully done"—Anna's face beamed—"but would you not better stop for to-day?"

"Well," said Anna, "there's another one

THE HAPPIEST GIRL
IN KOREA

일노송의나는뎐쥬ᄭ
호서옵ᄂᆞᆫ이ᄉ가이뎌한디
안녕ᄒ시고졉,녀시ᄉ주

OAK-PUN-IE WRITING
THE LETTER

to write for that beautiful silk quilt sent by the other ladies."

"Oh," remonstrated the nurse, "but you must leave some for another day; and besides, it's time for your ride outside. It's cold, but splendid and clear. Come, now, let's have the ride, then dinner, then a little rest" (for our Anna has never been very strong), "and then, if you feel well enough, you may go into the dispensary a little while, the doctor says." Anna's face beamed; she was once more the Happiest Girl.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said. "I was afraid the doctor would not let me go to the poor, heathen people, to-day. I thought if I wrote my letter she would say that was enough."

"No," said the nurse. "She just told me if you would stop now, take your ride and rest a little after dinner, you might go into the dispensary, for the Bible woman will have to leave early to-day and the doctor would like to have you there with the people."

While Anna is getting ready for her trip, suppose we take a peep outside at the beautiful wheel chair sent by a dear mother in America whose daughter had been cured of what seemed to be permanent invalidism, and whose grateful heart had prompted the sending of the wheel chair to Oak-pun-ie, whose story she had read in the little leaflet, "The Happiest Girl in Korea." The chair is strongly built, light in weight, small in size but plenty big enough for Anna, and no millionaire of America was ever prouder of his handsome touring car than our afflicted girl is of her wheel chair.

Soon she was seated in it, warmly clad and covered with a beautiful silk quilt which had been made by a lady in America for missionary purposes and bought by a district convention to be sent to the Happiest Girl in Korea. The ride over, her dinner was served by the nurse, who had to do part of the feeding, then came a rest on her white bed (which is supported by a Bible class in an Eastern state), and once more we find Anna seated in a corner of the hospital dispensary, surrounded by a room full of open-mouthed, wide-eyed women, mostly heathen, from surrounding districts.

Amidst the crying of suffering babies and the amazed questions constantly poured forth by her audience, Anna deftly turned pages in her Bible with her arms and found the chapter she loved most of all, "I. John, 4." She read to the verse on which she intended to dwell that day, the seventh: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." Beginning with the story of her suffering early life our Anna told these poor, ignorant women of the love, the care, the help, the protection and the joy that had been hers within the walls of this little hospital of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

"My!" said one. "That's funny. If those Christian doctors took off her hands and her foot, yet let her live and treat her this way, and have given her all this learning, all because they belong to the God, Jesus Christ, there is something in their religion that isn't like any other we ever had in Korea."

"Yes," answered the woman beside her. "I wonder why they didn't take the knife they used to cut off her hands, and put it through her heart. It would have saved them lots of trouble and lots of expense."

"Well, it's a funny religion, anyhow; but look at her talking, see how her eyes shine and her cheeks are round and healthy. She hasn't any hands, and only one foot, but I declare she is happier than any of us here, who have them all."

"I believe this religion is about the best of all. What's that she's saying? I didn't catch it."

"Listen," said her companion, "she's saying it again." And they listened.

"Women of Korea," rang out the clear-toned voice of our Happy Girl, "it was because he loved you, this God—Jesus Christ—that he came to this earth and gave up his own life for you. When you go to the Christian church and kneel down and pray to the Father in Heaven in the name of this Jesus, saying you are sorry for all the wickedness you have ever done, and all that is in your heart, and tell him, too, that the wicked heart in your side here is heavy like a stone because of your sins, and tell him you want him to take it away, *he will do it.* He will make it all white and clean, and it will feel as if there were feathers in place of the stone, and you, too, will always be happy while you live; and when you die he will take you to live with himself and with the Christ in a beautiful home he has made for you, and all the sickness will

be gone. O women, come and pray to-day! Go to the churches if you can, but if you cannot, pray here and now, and the Father will wash your hearts right now while you pray, and there will be peace always and joy forevermore. Come, women, Jesus is waiting. Kneel down and pray while I sing." And with a voice like a bell, our Anna sang the song she loved best,

> "What can wash away my sin?
> Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
> What can make me pure within?
> Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The song ceased, and all over the room the poor, ignorant women, side by side with women from the ranks of the nobility, wiped tear-wet eyes as they cried out, "We will come to-morrow. Tell us some more. Sing it again." Again and again verses of hymn after hymn rang out from the voice that never seems to tire, and finally, as the shadows deepened and the doctor called the last patient into the consulting room—for all this had been going on while the doctor was treating the patients—the girl rose on her one foot, standing with crutches under her arms, and called out, "Raise your hands, you who want to know the Christ better." And as the hands were raised here and there over the room Anna bowed her head and said: "Dear Jesus, here are some more. They are tired and weary and they want to know about you. Help them now, and teach them soon, as you have taught me. Amen."

A nurse appeared in the doorway, saying, "Anna, it's time to go back for supper," and led her away. In the hospital ward came supper, a few words with the doctor, and evening prayer, and then, in her white night-dress, our Happy Girl slept; while the doctor, leaning over the neat white bed, said, "Dear one, there will be more souls for your work than for that of any preacher in the land of Korea. May God bless you, dear child, and keep you always near to him."

The next day the other "thank you" letter was written; and so Anna's life goes on, day after day, in peace and content. She has her days of trial and even of suffering, yet, for her constitution will never be a strong one; but we would say to those who love our Happiest Girl in Korea that we do not ask them for anything further,—no more wheel chairs, silk quilts, or support, for all these things have been given in sufficient quantity for our Anna. We would say to them, however, that in the great land of Korea there are living thousands of girls who need the same care that Anna has had in this hospital; girls who, if they had had the same chance, would to-day be repeating the same story with a happy heart.

May we ask you who read this sequel to "The Happiest Girl in Korea" to remember the thousands of girls, who will be happy ones, too, if you Christians of America help to make them so.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

III

THE KOREAN BABY THINKS

NYAH, Nyah, Wo-oo-o! It seems to me all this noise don't do any good! Guess I'll stop and think! Wonder why I cry this way so much! Maybe it is because something bites me now and then; funny little brown things, sometimes black ones. They run across my face and I holler, but nobody bothers. Wish there wasn't any black or brown things to bite!

Am four months old now, and a "girl," I heard them say it again to-day. Say, I wonder what a "girl" is, anyway. Don't believe it is anything very nice, for when I was only a day old and felt awfully little, and weak, and funny, I heard my father (that's the man who comes in here sometimes), say to my mother (that's the woman that feeds me and holds me tight when nobody's looking, and drops water out of her eyes on my face often), well, I heard my father say, "too bad she's a girl;" then my mother squeezed me close and said, "Yes, but she's nice and pretty, and *ours*." "Yes," said my father, "but she will have to be named 'Sup-sup-ie (Disappointment) and she won't count for anything in this family. Girls never do. It's pretty hard for a man to have a first child only a girl," and he went out with his eyes all wrinkled up. After he was

"YOU CAN'T SEE ME"

gone, my mother took me in her arms and I felt the first one of those wet splashes on my face, and I hollered, but stopped soon, because my mother pressed my face against hers. Then,—I didn't mind the wet!

That was the first time, but it has often splashed since, most often splashes when my father comes in and looks at me. He looks so nice when he first looks at me,—he don't wrinkle his eyes and I laugh at him (for he never hurts me), sometimes he chucks my chin, and then all of a sudden if my grandmother comes in he straightens up and mutters, "but she is only a girl!" Wonder what a "girl" is anyhow. I don't like that word or "Sup-sup-ie" either, because my grandmother calls me both and frowns at me. My mother never calls me these words; she says, "Cho-hoon-Ag-gie" (that means "good baby") and I like that best.

Do you know my grandmother would be real nice if she wouldn't say "girl" and "Sup-sup-ie" and frown. Sometimes when I cry she puts me against her shoulder, and it's so big and broad and warm, and I cuddle close and she squeezes me sort of tight, but it doesn't last long, 'cause she says those two words again, "girl," and "Sup-sup-ie," and puts me down and then goes and slaps my mother for just doing nothing at all. Well, I'm getting tired of thinking—guess I'll holler again—no, I won't, I'll-go-to-sleep. Wish-I-wasn't-a-g-i-r-l!

And the baby slept.

It's been a long time since I thought for you folks to read, but I couldn't help it. There's been such strange things going on at our house. I am one year old to-day, and I had an awful funny birthday, but I guess I'll have to go way back in my past life to tell you about that. Just a little while after I thought for you before, a Korean woman came to our house. She had with her another person, all white in the face, and on her hands, and dressed in such funny clothes. They said she was a " for-eign-er " and a " miss-ionary," whatever that is? She talked to me in our language, real soft like; she talked to my grandmother, too; and the other woman talked to my mother, and when they went away, grandma said, " All right, I'll go and take her," pointing to my mother.

The next day there was an awful fuss at our house. You see my mother carries me on her back when she does her work, but this day I got fairly dizzy. She ran in and out our low door so often and so fast that I thought my poor head would roll off or get bumped off in the doorway, but *mothers are always careful,* and I didn't get bumped! I just cuddled close to her shoulder and went to sleep, and when I woke she was all over her work, but as usual grandmother was scolding. She said, " It's all a piece of foolishness anyway, but that woman coaxed so, and it will be a fine ' Ku-gyung ' (a ' look-see ') so guess we'll go." And then my mother got her big green coat and put it on, with me underneath, and here we are again, only you

can't see me, because I'm under the coat and asleep.

When I woke up we were in the strangest place, with lots of women and other babies,—thought I'd cry at first but none of the rest did, so I just looked.

It was a big place, the white lady was sitting at a funny box, and the box made a funny noise, and the people tried to make a noise like the box, and then all the people made a noise out of a book. A book is a funny thing, too. Then a man all white-faced like the woman got up and talked and talked, and I went to sleep.

When I awoke, we were home, where grandmother was quiet and gentle all the rest of the day, and mother seemed happy, too. Father came in and said he had been in the big place, too, on the other side of the curtain. He said he thought he would "do the doctrine," whatever that means. Said the white man had told him a lot about a man named Jesus. Then after father said that, mother picked me up and said in my ear, so that nobody heard, only me, "That's it, Baby, they sung that to-day, 'Jesus loves' and the white woman said, 'He loves women and girls.' Oh, I'm so glad!" And she squeezed me tight, but no water splashed on my face that time. Her eyes only shone pretty and bright.

Now it's all different from what it used to be. Our house looks different. The black and brown things that used to bite don't come around any more. They called them roaches and bugs, but I never see them now. Then again I smell all the time of stuff they call

"soap and water," and feel nice, and to-day, my birthday, when we went to that big building the white man took me up in his arms and I wasn't afraid; I just grabbed his moustache and patted his white face. That white didn't come off on my hands either! My hands are brown. Then he put water on my head and gave me back to my mother. And my father took me in his arms when we got home and said, "Little Pokie now." And that means "blessing." And grandma picked me up lots to-day and said, "Pokie, from Hah-na-nin" (blessing from "God.") My! that's a whole lot nicer than being a "girl" and a "Sup-sup-ie" (disappointment).

NOW IT LOOKS DIFFERENT AT OUR HOUSE

IV

UNDER THE CROSS OF GOLD

"PAULINE, wait a moment!" The girl's long lashes were lifted as she turned and looked steadily in the direction of the speaker. No ray of intelligence gleamed in the sightless eyes; only in the quick turn of the head and the changing expression of the sensitive mouth could one detect a listener.

"Pauline, are your classes over for the day?"

"Yes, Wee won (Doctor) all have *become*" (a Korean expression much used).

"Did the children do well?"

"Fairly well, but"—a pause—"not so well as if there were more of the 'chacks' (books). I ask pardon, 'Pou-in' (lady) for complaining, but it's so hard to have them all study from the few books and *all* do well."

"Yes, I know," sighed the missionary physician, "but we must wait, the money to make

the books is not at hand, and I am so busy all the time I wish there was another here who understood the blind system of reading. But" —more hopefully—"*you* have learned and all the others will learn sometime. One of the Master's lessons is that of patience in the great work of teaching a new Korea all that is good. *We* would hurry, but"—softly—"he knows the lack of workers and material, and we will wait his help for the Korean school for the blind, as well as the one for deaf mutes. It's his work, it must prosper.

"But, dear me, here I am in such a hurry, and yet I have kept talking and have not asked you if you would like to go with me on a little journey into the South District? I must go to visit a station and shall start to-morrow at daybreak. I have decided to take you with me if you care to take the journey, Pauline. It's going to be a hard one, we shall go in chairs, but the roads are rough and you may get quite tired. What do you say, child, do you care to go?"

"Oh! Doctor, 'kau-mop-sim-ne-ta' (thank you very much); of course I will go. Why, that will be near Poo-na's and Chă-nie's home!"

"Yes, and if we have time we will go to call on their parents. Well, get some one to take your classes while you are gone, perhaps Prudence can do so; and, Pauline, be sure to take a book or two with you, for your studies must not suffer because of the journey. We will be gone five days, so I must get the other doctor to take the work here. Now go and

be ready by six in the morning, and oh! Pauline, send the gateman to me. He must send for the chair-bearers and pony-man for our load."

"Nay, nay, Pou-in" (yes, yes, lady), answered the girl as the Doctor turned and entered her study door. Almost one would think the blind eyes did see, for straight as an arrow, with hands outstretched, the blind girl left the room, passing by the hall leading into the Edith Margaret Memorial Children's Ward of the Pyeng Yang Woman's Hospital. Going through the second hall, she sighed a little; low moans of pain came to her mingled with a suppressed shout of laughter telling how dear little Korean children lying in the ward were feeling at that time. Some in pain that medicine could not relieve, moaning unconsciously even though they slept; others better in health, laughing as children do when food, care, and love be given them.

"My," thought the girl, "how will the Doctor ever get through to-day and get away to-morrow. I wish I could help her more. Oh! how good she is to us all! I wonder why she ever cared to take us blind and deaf folk in when there was so much to do. Well, I'm going to study hard and teach the little girls and help lots. But, oh! I must tell them now that I am going with the Doctor."

"Poo-na, Chă-nie," she called, as she reached the room so familiar to her. "Oh! girls, I am going away with the Doctor to-morrow down near your home; we may go to your house. Would you like to go?"

"No," chorused the two blind girls who came at her call, "no, not we; time enough to go when vacation comes. This will do for us, thank you. Tell 'au-mo-nie' and 'apa-che' (mother and father) that this is a good place to be."

"And say, Pauline," whispered Chă-nie, edging closer, "do try to get my parents to give you their 'fetiches.' You know they do believe in Jesus, but they are just a little fearful of destroying the offerings to the spirits; maybe they will let the Doctor do it. You tell her to try, will you not?"

"Why, yes," soberly answered Pauline. "I'll tell her. When do your parents get baptized?"

"About four months from now," answered Poo-na, the other sister, "when we go home for vacation, but of course if they don't get the 'fetiches' destroyed the 'Mok-sah' (Pastor) won't baptize them. But Doctor and you can do it if we pray for you."

"All right. I must go now to see Prudence, and get ready; it will soon be supper time. You tell the others of our trip."

While the girls are off attending to these things we will learn a little more about them. Pauline was seventeen years of age; five years ago she had been brought to Dr. H. at the Pyeng Yang Hospital by a Bible woman. Born of heathen parents, blind from early childhood, just when the parents were about to sell her to the life of a sorceress, the only life ever given a blind girl in Korea, they were persuaded to give her to the missionaries, and

THE BLIND GIRLS OF THE SCHOOL, 1909

the Bible woman hurried the girl to Dr. H., who had started a school for the blind in connection with the hospital in Pyeng Yang. Pauline had always been a lovable child with but one fault. For years an intangible fear seemed at times to possess her. Converted a year after she entered the school she was truly Christian, yet at times the old weird sayings she had heard from birth about the " non-seeing " being made so by the " spirits " in order that they could best serve the spirits as sorceresses, for, since they could see nothing, they would have minds free for spirit worship. Of course Pauline did not believe this, but for twelve years the " spirits " *had been* very real to the sightless girl. For five years Jesus had been nearer, but the old weird feeling at times had troubled her, and many a talk this good Doctor had with the girl at such times, calming, quieting with words of love and passages from the Word of Life. And so Pauline had grown. Naturally bright, she had progressed in her studies until she was now finishing her second year in the highest school for girls under the Missionary Boards in Pyeng Yang, Korea. Two hours a day she taught the younger girls in the school. The conversation with the Doctor had taken place at the close of this two hours on Monday, during the month of April, 19—.

The next morning dawned clear, and outside the door of the low native buildings that served for a hospital under the Woman's Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the chair coolies, four in number, waited, squatted on the ground; pipes lighted; talking in sleepy

tones. Near by stood the pony with food and bedding for the Doctor, and Pauline tightly strapped to his little brown back. A short strap held his nose to a hitching post, and he vented his displeasure at thus being so early harnessed and put to work by frequent vicious kicks in the direction of the lad of fifteen who was master of the load and the pony en route. The kick was useless, as the master in the case knew enough to stay at the front end of this kicking " baggage car."

The door opened and the Doctor and Pauline appeared. The matron of the hospital led the girl to her chair and helped her in, wishing her a good journey in cheery tones. The Doctor gave a dozen directions to the chairmen, and with a final double kick by the always indignant pony the procession started. Up over the hill and out through the level country, sometimes between rows of pine trees at the edge of the woodlands, again travelling between the narrow paths of the rice fields flooded with water, the chairmen sure of foot and steady of trot jogged along.

And once while the chairmen halted for a rest, the physician took the girl's hand and led her up the road over which they were to travel. Great white and black birds, with shrill calls to their mates, darted hither and thither from tree to tree, watching the strange unknown white-faced woman lead her charge along. The weather was delightful, the soft wind in the pine boughs gave out a healthful odor, all was peace in the land, just as God had made it, and intended it to be.

To the girl the journey was a delight altogether beyond words. The odor of the winds, the calls of the birds, the songs of the waving boughs, even the weird call of the chairmen as they told each other that it was time to change shoulders for the poles of the chair, all seemed of a different world. Now as the Doctor she loved so well took her arm and led her onward, the girl shyly spoke:

"Lady, how good the God is to make it all, and how good the people in your country to care for us blind ones. It costs a lot of money, Lady, but it's more than money, it's that they love us. Do you know, Doctor, Miss R. showed me a little gold pin the other day. I felt the raised cross on the round world, and tried to pick out the letters—Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Miss R. said that all you ladies here were sent out to us by that society. It seemed so nice, all of us in this world gathered under the cross of Jesus."

"Yes," said the Doctor aloud, "all of us, all of us, all of Korea and all the isles of the seas." Silently her heart said, "O God, how long, how long until it *shall be* this way?"

But the girl was speaking, "Tell me, Doctor, please, how did you get us blind and deaf folk into your care? You have done so much for us all when you had nothing but the wards of the hospital for our beds, study rooms, etc. Of course it's fun sometimes to squeeze close together when there's lots of sick folks and all the beds are needed. Even squeezing together on the floor is not so bad, but when—there, I'll stop now; I'm only troubling you. I'm sure

I don't mean to complain. We're happy enough; don't look so sad, Pou-in; you know we are happy just to be with you, because you love us. You know that, don't you, Pou-in?"

"Well, Pauline, I know you love me and are not complaining, but let me explain how it is with the Society that wears the badge of the little golden world under the cross. Both of these schools were started by myself with money personal friends gave me. The ladies of the Society had many things to support, and they had not enough money to build the building and take your school and that of the deaf and dumb girls as a regular part of their great work. However, this has been done since, and now you are all a part of the regular appropriation, so that you really belong in that little gold world.

"I did not care to have them independent schools, supported by special gifts, for if I should have been taken away some one else might not get money enough and——"

"Then, Pou-in," said the girl, "we and the deaf girls are really part of the Society that wears the badge Miss R. let me handle, even though we have no building of our own?"

"Oh, yes, Pauline, and the ladies love you, and do all they can for you. The money for the school buildings has not yet come, but," more cheerfully, "it will come if we pray and hope and wait." The face of the blind Pauline was not so radiant. She didn't just see how praying and hoping and waiting was going to bring money for buildings, *if somebody did not do something.*

But she answered, "Of course they must love us, to support us this way, when our own people are afraid of us, think we have evil spirits in us, and don't even love us. Yes"—slowly—"they love us and that's a whole lot, that's the most of it, only the blind and deaf and dumb know just how good it is to be loved and cared for. *'Seeing folks'* will never know just precisely what it is to be loved as the *blind* know. I guess nobody knows but God. Do you remember when I was a little girl you told me God cared and God knew how my heart wanted love?" The Doctor nodded, then she remembered Pauline could not see the nod, and answered gently, "I remember." The girl slipped her hand into that of the Doctor, and with a little pressure said gently, "I know it myself now. He tells me in my heart."

Again in the chairs, the journey completed, the town reached, food and sleep for two nights and days, and it was the third day. Pauline had played the little baby organ, sung hymns, and given exhibitions of her proficiency in reading, arithmetic, etc., to admiring heathen, and now our friends are seated in the home of the parents of Poo-na and Chă-nie Kim.

The Doctor's face was beaming, Pauline's radiant. In the hands of the Doctor was a small crash bag. It was about the size of a Korean pillow, twelve by six inches. It was full of rice sewed into the crash and offered to the household gods at the last worshipping time about one year ago. It had lain where it

was protected, but the aged parents of the blind Poo-na and Chă-nie had feared to destroy or give it away. Beside this the Doctor held a piece of grass cloth such as is used for clothing. It, too, had been placed at the household shrine, for did not the spirits need clothes in the spirit world, and was not this the best of grass cloth, enough for a jacket for an ordinary-sized spirit? But we transgress; the Doctor is speaking:

"And now we will again tell Jesus about it all, and we will take these things and make use of them. You have conquered all the imaginary spirits and need fear no evil, for he is with you." Earnestly the Doctor prayed, commending these parents to him who hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,"—"It is I, be not afraid."

As they rose the volume of song rose in triumph, Pauline's strong clear voice ringing out above the Doctor's gentle one, and the trembling tones of the parents,—

"What can wash away my sins?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

When the two had left the home the Doctor looked back on two faces on which the blood of the Christ had left his greatest gift, Peace, settled there never to remove while they trusted him.

But we must hasten, the Sabbath is coming, and they have started homeward. The many Christians bade farewell and begged for another visit soon. Pauline exclaimed as they

prepared for the night, "Oh, Doctor, I've left my pillow behind in Poo-na's home." This was a dilemma, the native inn in which they must rest could not be supposed to contain a clean pillow, and the case seemed a pillowless one for the luckless Pauline, when a bright idea struck the Doctor.

"Pauline," she exclaimed, "get the bag of rice Poo-na's folks gave us, the 'quee-sen' (spirit-offering), it's just the size of the pillow, and I was going to have the rice cooked anyway on our journey, so use it to-night with this towel for a covering, and to-morrow you shall eat the rice inside if you care to and the spirits will never trouble any one again from that bag." She laughed as she said this from very joy of being "a worker together with God" to defeat the only spirit—*Satan,* the destroyer of souls. But only silence answered her.

Pauline stood perfectly still with the old weird look, intangible fear, coming and going in her face. Could she do it? The Doctor saw at once that the early childhood teachings were having their effect once more in Pauline's life, and was about to recall her suggestion when something whispered to her to wait. The silence was profound; Pauline stared into space and then chokingly gasped: "I cannot, oh! I cannot, Pou-in"—and fled to a corner of the room that had been curtained off. Hiding behind this she was silent once more. The Doctor, troubled, called out saying:

"Pauline, never mind, dear, you need not,"

but no answer came. One hour passed. The girl that knelt behind the curtain deep in the conflict that raged in her heart made no sound. Who are we that we should enter the inner precincts of a heart that seeks amidst a cloud of superstitious fear to penetrate to its God? Only this much, however, we learned later.

"Jesus, are you there?" the girlish heart cried. "It is not that I do not love you, but that I cannot *see* this bag that was once given the 'quee-sin.' I cannot see it, and I fear it and don't like to touch it, and yet I ought to, I know I ought to." Dry sobs shook the tired child-woman. Visions of many things came and went. Satan did his utmost, but the angels were watching and he did not overcome. Suddenly with a sob of joy, Pauline groped her way between the curtains, and the watching missionary physician saw the victory had been won.

"Is it all right, Pauline?"

"Yes, Lady, give me the bag, I'm not afraid," and that night she slept sweetly on the pillow once offered the "quee-sin," but better still, next day at her own request, she was permitted to take the rice from the bag, prepare it, and after it had been cooked into "pop" (cooked rice food) ate it laughingly. After dinner she asked for the piece of grass cloth, and suggested making a jacket, all herself, for a poor blind girl, a recent acquisition at the school. This was done, but who can tell in words the cost of the struggle for a heathen born blind girl, before the "quee-sin" offering became to her only a bag of rice

and a piece of cloth. After their return the Doctor spoke of it but the once.

"Why, Pauline, did you not ask me to help you when afraid the other day."

"Because, Wee-won, I wanted to conquer it forever, not lean on you. I could not do this until I prayed, and before I went out to ask you for the bag, I saw,"—the voice was dreamy and low,—"Oh, 'Wee-won,' I saw Jesus pointing to a little gold cross with the little gold world under it and I knew that he had conquered, and *I was one of the folks of that gold world under the cross of gold.* That's it, is it not, Pou-in? Just conquering *for him, with him,* that's what will make us here, and your people there, have a right to be bound all together in the badge of the little golden world under the golden cross. It's one with Jesus. Oh, I'm going to try so hard to always conquer *for him, with him,* so that I can be worthy to be, with you, a part of the little gold world under the cross of gold."

Something in the Doctor's throat choked her. She finally answered, as her heart bounded with joy. "Bless you, dear, that's it. Conquerors *for him, with him,* that's what he told us to do; that's what it has meant to me to come to your country as a missionary. I wanted to learn even as I taught you, just how to be a conqueror for him; just how to be made worthy to work under his cross in a dying world." Then, looking up, the Doctor's heart spoke to its Maker, "Even so, Master, for so it has been good in thy sight, but have patience, I pray thee, until all at home in

my loved America, and abroad in all the isles of the sea, have been bound yet closer in the work symbolized by the golden world under the cross of gold. Hold us closer then until the day dawns and the shadows flee away." And that Doctor's heart has been lighter and the work been brighter since the visit to the South District with a little blind maiden of Pyeng Yang, Korea. I know it has, for the Doctor told me so.

V

"ONLY A PRINCE OF KOREA"

IT was winter. The streets of the city lay snow-laden, glistening in the sunshine, the dull appearance of the houses changed as if by magic to dazzling white under the mantle of "King Snow," whose beautiful gift clothes city and country alike. The city was the capital of the little country long known as the "Hermit Kingdom." Its name was "Seoul" (Soul), the country's name Korea, or the Land of the Morning Calm, as the ancients called it. Much of interest might be told of this quaint old city, with its peculiar looking white-clad people and funny straw- or tile-roofed houses, but this story is not of the country, not of the city, not of the people as a whole, but of one small lad, who was born in the palace of Korea, to the emperor of Korea, about nine years before this twenty-fourth of December, nineteen hundred and —— years after the birth of our Lord. Not that this little prince knew that it was December 24, 19—. Not he; he was but a little boy, born in heathenism, who knew not the year of our Lord—a boy very much out of humour with the day. It had been decidedly stupid that day. The snow was everywhere;

he was only allowed to roam in his various apartments and to go outside on the walls; of course, always attended by those three officials, his special guards, dressed according to rank in various fantastic silken garments. They were a nuisance; sometimes there were more of them, and then the three men who always cared for him were a bother anyway. If he went near the walls they told him that he would get his green silk "tur-a-mack-i" (coat) wet with the snow, and if he stepped out of the path, they said his silken shoes would be spoiled: it was a nuisance to be a prince.

There had been a time when he had been allowed to go out of the private gate and over in the next compound; that was fun, especially when the American soldiers were quartered there, and taught him football.

It was pretty nice, too, when that little American boy lived there, the missionary's son. My! how he had envied him his running around all alone, and the good times he had when he fell in the snow and mud, and got up and laughed and brushed it off. Well, that was all over. Since the other nation had come into Korea the private gate was closed, and his walks restricted to the compound surrounding the building in which the imperial household had been living since the fire, which had destroyed the palace some months before.

There was another palace across the city, and he liked that best; but the brave stone dragons guarding the entrance had nothing to do now but look fierce over nothing, for the

THE BRAVE STONE DRAGONS GUARDING THE PALACE

palace was empty save for caretakers. How he wished he were emperor, then he would live there and do as he pleased. Not that he wanted his father and his brother, the crown prince, to die; oh, no, but then they might; but that didn't help him out to-day. He wanted something new; he was tired of everything.

Finally the little prince, after disconsolately wandering around the spacious apartments, filled with furniture, hangings, etc., partly foreign, mostly Oriental, but luxurious indeed, wandered out on the broad veranda and gazed about him. Outside the wall and across the street, up on a small hill, was the brick building known as the "Ewa Haktang" (girls' school). It was owned by a missionary board, and in it every year over two hundred girls were saved from heathenism, and learned the Way of Happiness. At his left arose the great walls of the new palace, now being constructed to replace the old. Back of the palace the mountain known as Nam San reared its gigantic bleak top. But the little prince cared for none of this; his gaze fondly turned to the right, to that little compound of which he could see the whole—the place of football and the happy missionary boy.

One of the officials touched him on the shoulder, and suggested that it was cold outside. The little prince scowled. "If you are cold, go in the house," he answered. Then giving an impatient twist to his back hair, and a pull at the hair ribbon to tighten it, he ran nimbly to the stone wall, and brushing the snow from

the top, stood silently looking into the compound of the new "Select School for Aristocratic Young Married Women of Korea." This school was in charge of a lady from America. The place had been leased for school purposes by the emperor, who willingly allowed the missionary to assume command of the compound next the palace. It was a very safe arrangement. Those foreigners minded their own affairs and were harmless. It was a relief to have the school there, since the American soldiers had returned to their own country and the former occupant had removed his family to a new house across the city.

But we are wandering; the little prince is standing in the cold with a much disgusted "personal guard" behind him,—three men and three women, vowing in their hearts that if he were their boy they would thrash him, but as he was not, and was the prince, they could do nothing but frown and grumble a little, not too loud, however, for if his young majesty chose he could order their dismissal not only from the palace grounds but from the earth as well.

But our little prince was not thinking about these folks; his mind was busy along other lines. "Let me see," he said, "what was this I heard about a 'Yea-su Tan-ill-lall'?" Yes, that was what the missionary boy had talked of a year or two before during an exchange of boyish confidences.

That day came about this time in the year. All those "Yea-su" (Jesus) folks knew about it. The children in the Yea-su churches had a

good time then. Well, he was a prince, why couldn't he have one of those days, too?

The stone wall grew cold under his arms, as he thought of it. Mutterings from the watchful guards behind him aroused him to action. "Here, you folks, be quiet," he said, in the language a prince was always to use to his hirelings. "Listen, I am going to speak to the Pou-in (lady). You may call that gateman going across the compound." This to the biggest official with the loudest voice.

Perhaps you don't know what a "compound" is, or what a "gateman" may be like. We will hasten to explain, while the big official is straining his voice to call the white-clad gateman, who is hurrying on some important errand for the foreign lady.

A "compound" in Korea is a piece of ground usually with one or more buildings on it, walled in by high stone walls, pierced by a single gate, shut in from the streets with its dirt, dogs, and inquisitive pedestrians. Compounds surround every property, poor or rich. In the poorer homesteads the compound is enclosed by cornstalk fences, but a "compound" all must have.

A "gateman" is a man who lives with his family at the house, sometimes built into the wall just beside the entrance gate.

His business is varied; he is the servant of all the household, but usually a very important member. Hear the noise that big official is making. "Yebo! Yebo!" (Here you! Here you!) At the last cry the startled gateman looks up, and although frightened almost to

death, does not dare to disobey or ignore the imperial party looking at him inquiringly from the wall. "Nay, nay," he answers (yes, yes), and in a moment stands on his side of the wall looking up at the little prince and the officials.

The little prince spoke quickly. "Go, servant, and call for me your mistress, the foreign lady."

"Yes, yes, I will go, your majesty," and his trembling feet hurry away, his wooden shoes (rainy or snowy day shoes) clattering on the hard frozen path.

As the party waited for the lady, the older of the three women remonstrated with his majesty, saying it was cold; but he bade her be silent, said he was not cold with cotton padded clothes on. She prepared to argue, but he peremptorily told her not to bother him, and just then the foreign lady missionary appeared. Slight in figure, neatly dressed in American clothes, such as a teacher wears in a schoolroom, and with a cloak thrown hastily around her shoulders, she made a pretty picture. Her sweet face looked her inquiry before she spoke, addressing herself to the older woman caretaker, as was proper in a country where women and men do not talk to each other, unless of the same family. But that did not suit the little prince. Hearing the lady talk in his own language, he addressed her, saying: "Talk to me, I want to ask questions. You talk my language; talk to me."

His tone was respectful, his language courteous, and the lady, turning to the child, said, "Yes, yes, your majesty, I can talk your

language, a very little bit, but am not used to addressing a prince, and know not the forms of 'talk' used to you in the imperial household."

"Oh, never mind, that matters not," answered the little fellow, his dark eyes all aglow with his eagerness to learn what he so much wanted to know.

"Pou-in, listen; when is your great-day, the Yea-su Tan-ill-all. Oh, yes, I know about its name," seeing the wonder in the lady's eyes. "It's the 'Jesus Birthday.' Quickly tell me when it is, and what you do in your churches on that day?"

"Why," she answered, with a winsome smile, "the 'Jesus Birthday' is to-morrow, little prince, and we do many things in our churches; can you not ask and receive permission to come to our celebration in the church across the road next to the 'Ewa' School?"

The boyish face clouded. "Not I," he answered. "I am only a prince; I am not like the other boys of my country; I cannot go out of the palace gates now even so far as I used to go. But tell me, can you not get one of the 'Jesus Birthdays' and bring it to me here in your room? Look (running along the wall to the space opposite her window), look, I can see down in there if you will open your windows wide, and if you will put a 'Jesus Birthday' in there to-morrow, I can have one, too, while I stand here. Oh, please, lady; I am a prince, and never had a 'Jesus Birthday.' Give me one, lady, please do."

Startled by the request, the missionary did

not answer for a moment; then, with the pleading brown eyes looking into hers, she quickly said: "Oh, I don't see how I can do that. It is too cold for you to stand there. Your mother would not like you to. You might get sick, and besides, I have nothing with which to make a 'Jesus Birthday.' It needs a congregation or an audience, and then——"

"Oh, that's all right," said this young man, bound to gain his point, "here's your congregation," and majestically raising his hands he took in the three half-frozen male attendants and the three women, whose unhappy, disgusted, scowling faces looked very unlike the "Jesus congregation" of the church across the way. Suppressing a smile, the lady was about to speak, but the boyish voice went on in pleading tones, "Lady, listen; I've never had a 'Jesus Birthday' in my whole life, and if you don't make me one to-morrow, I may never have one, for I'm only a little prince, and I want one 'Jesus Birthday' like other boys." The missionary could not resist the plea. "Ah, your majesty, I shall try to do something to-morrow, although I have little to do with, I fear."

She was about to turn away when again the boy stopped her. "Lady, I heard that you have a 'san-namoo' (pine tree) with funny fruit on it, fruit that comes from America. You'll get the fruit for my 'Jesus Birthday,' and I'll have my servants get the tree."

"Very well," laughed the lady, "I'll do my best, but I must go in now; it is cold, and I am very busy. Good-bye, then, until to-morrow."

She hurried into the house, while the prince turned and sauntered with a happy face back to his apartments to think it out, while the disgusted, newly made, unwilling congregation turned to their various duties of sitting around waiting for the young master's call. Sadly they shook their heads as they talked together in whispers, squatting in two little groups on the handsome floor rugs just outside the door of the room the boy had entered.

What new freak is this? He, a prince of Korea, holding conversation with a Christian? His only religious duty should be worshipping at the temples as did his forefathers. Would not the gods be offended and dire calamity visit the palace? "Eigo! Eigo!" they wailed, "what a foolish child, but who could stop him but the royal mother, and who would take the task of telling her?"

But let us leave them to their misery and hasten on with Time to the next morning, just at daybreak; it was bitter cold; across the eastern gate of the city the new day struggled to arouse itself from the slumbers of the night. The palace door opens, a small boy steps forth, softly ordering here and there the officials who follow shivering.

"You go out that way and call that stupid gateman; quick, now; tell him to call the lady at once. You stand here, and when the lady is seen coming out of the door call me quickly," this to another. The officials go about the duty assigned, while the prince waits in the outer hall with three sleepy looking women and one disgusted man.

A thump on the lady's door called her from dreamland. "What is it?" she asked.

A scared voice answered, "Oh, Pou-in, the prince and the officials are here at the wall, and he says he wants his 'Jesus Birthday' right away."

The Pou-in arose; long residence in the land of the Orient had made her patient. She dressed hurriedly, and found at the wall the prince and his "congregation." It was just light enough to see their faces, the boy's bright and eager, the attendants' cross and blue with the cold. "My," thought the lady, as she smiled to herself, "I hope their faces will not freeze; they'll be very ugly if they do."

The boy, seeing her, said quickly, and all in a breath, "Oh, Pou-in, here we are, and there are 'namoo' (trees), two of them. Please, Pou-in, give me the 'Jesus Birthday' now."

"Ah, no, little prince, I cannot do that; you must wait. I was up until midnight getting the 'Jesus Birthday' ready for my pupils, and I had no time to find the funny fruit you want on the trees. I must go to the stores in 'Jap town' and see if there is some to be bought. You come back here to-day when the sun is right overhead; it will be noon then, and warmer. I will see what I can do during the morning." Still smiling, the lady instructed the gateman to pick up the two four feet high pine trees the officials had tossed angrily over the wall, and to carry them into the house. Reluctantly, yet with the eager look still on

his face, the boy turned away with a "Thank you, lady."

Breakfast and household duties over, morning prayers said, a little time of joyous gift giving and Christmas cheer with the pupils, and then the lady had the gateman call a "jin-rikh-i-sha," a funny two-wheeled vehicle with a man for a horse. Into this she stepped and the willing man-horse hurried her away to "Jap town," the place of the Japanese where foreign goods are sometimes sold. An hour spent in search produced but four American tinsel ornaments and one precious package of the colored Christmas tree candles and candle holders, one dozen in all, a few more ornaments secured by a hurried search in the storeroom, some oranges and persimmons (Korea's greatest fruit production), tied with stray pieces of ribbon, and the "fruit" of the tree was ready. Then a still scared gateman placed the green trees before described in old flowerpots packed with snow, set them on a table beside the casement window next the wall, and all was ready.

Just as the sun reached the spot over the palace, and peeped merrily into the window where the Christmas trees waited, the palace doors burst open and the boy rushed out to the wall. The officials and women followed, still disgusted and cross. The gateman had been watching for the prince, a private duty imposed upon himself. He ran in and called the lady, who slipped a coat on, tied a scarf over her head, put on some warm gloves, threw open the window, and pleasantly greeted her "con-

gregation." The little prince made a pretty picture as he stood with hair neatly plaited, his coat of pale green silk and trousers of soft pink silk; white silk gauntlets and embroidered shoes completing the costume.

And now the proceedings commenced with the question, "Lady, tell me first what do you do at your 'Jesus Birthdays'?"

"Oh, we 'chan-me-how,' 'ki-tau-how,' and 'chun-dau-how.'" (We sing, pray, and preach.)

"I know 'ki-tau-how' (to pray), but I don't know the others. Do some for me."

Amusement was written on the gentle face of the missionary, but she tried to look grave, as she answered, "I'll do the best I can. First we must trim the trees."

She worked busily, placing the ornaments on the tree, fixing candles in candle holders, tying oranges and persimmons to the boughs. While she worked she spoke to the prince of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, of his birth, his love for all, his love for the little prince of Korea; but just as she reached that place she was shocked to hear the boy say, "Lady, you tell me an untruth; your Jesus does not love me or he would have given me a 'Jesus Birthday' before this. He may love the little children at the churches, but not me; I'm only a prince, and he never came to my house."

"Ah, little prince, listen," she answered. "He does love you. He tried to come to you before, but he comes to you through me to-day to tell you that he loves you. It is true!"

The boy did not answer at once. He was

wondering whether he had ever heard that the gods in the temples where he worshipped loved him! He didn't believe that he ever had. The impatient stamp of some cold persons behind him caused him to turn and tell the whole "guard" to go in the house if they were cold and didn't like his "Jesus Birthday."

But they did not go; they knew better. Their heads might be in danger if they left that small boy alone for a moment. Now the lady had finished her task, wishing heartily that she had more of the brilliant tinsel ornaments to use on the trees. Turning, she said: "Little prince, the trees are trimmed, and you must go into the house and get warm, and I must go about my other duties. Come back if you can to-night, and I will light these candles and give you the rest of the 'Jesus Birthday.'"

The small prince gleefully clapped his hands, and with a longing look at his Christmas tree, ran into the house, while the lady closed the windows, with a little prayer on this the prince's first Christmas Day.

At dusk the lady was sitting in the room with the trees, when she heard the hurried rush to the wall, and the eager boy voice calling, "Pou-in, Pou-in," and throwing open the window, greeted the lad from the dimly lighted room. Taking a taper from the table she lighted it, and touching the candles one by one, the tiny flames shot into the darkness about the tree, lighting up her lovely face and the tinsel ornaments. A burst of glee from the boy and a "grunt" from the "congrega-

tion" greeted her. "Cho-wy-ah," "Cho-wy-ah," "E-poo-o" (good, good, how pretty), followed by a "Now, lady, give me the rest of the birthday."

"Well, then," said the lady, "we will begin. The pupils of my school are in the next room (custom forbade them being in the room where a boy or man might see them), and will help me to sing a 'Jesus Birthday' hymn." The sweet voice started the dear old song, "Christ is Born, the Angels Sing," and the voices in the room beyond joined in the hymn.

At the close of the sixth verse, the boy ruler clapped his hands, saying simply, and with conviction, "Lady, that was very good 'noise.' Please make some more." Smiling, the lady turned in the Korean hymnal to others,—"Hark! the Herald Angels sing," "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," and then the chorus paused to rest.

"Oh, that is a splendid noise; I like that. Quick, do some of the rest of the pray and the preach."

The lady gasped, "preach," "pray"! how could she do that? She glanced through the window at the "congregation," only one eager face, all the rest frowning, and she began "to make excuses," as others of old—her faith was failing a little.

"O prince, you had the preaching. I told you the story of Jesus as I placed the things on the trees to-day. That is all preaching is."

"Then I had that part, did I?"

"Yes, you did."

"But I didn't have the pray part. Don't

you want to give me that? Please, I want the 'pray.'"

The soul of the missionary took on new life.

"Surely I want to pray; but listen, little prince, our praying is talking to Jesus, and he will not be happy if we are not reverent as you are to the gods. We always bow our heads."

No sooner said than done. The boy hastily turned to his attendants, "Here, you people, bow your heads there, quick." Turning, he placed his head in his gloved hands, and all during the prayer he kept it there, so the lady said, and she knows. She dropped on her knees and poured out her heart to God in a fervent prayer that the child could understand. The prayer ended, heads were raised, the officials' faces had taken on an awe-struck look; what had they done, prayed to the Christian God? "Ei-go, ei-go, now what would happen?"

"Please, lady, some more of the good noise."

"Our Saviour, in Judea born," to the tune of "Happy Day," "God's Best Gift," with "Joy to the World, the Lord has Come," followed each other, to the delight of the small boy, who showed his appreciation by rapid hand clappings and exclamations of delight. At the last verse of the last mentioned hymn the lady paused and smiled: "That is all the 'Jesus Birthday' hymns in the book. You have had them all."

To her surprise, the boy said, "I don't think that is right, Pou-in, you didn't sing it all."

"Oh, but we did," answered the lady.

Still the little face was clouded. "But, lady, the first time you made the good 'noise' you went around that noise six times, and now you have only gone around this last 'noise' four times. Where are the other two times?"

Bright boy, this lad of Korea. The first hymn had six verses, and the last one but four. Explanations were cumbersome, so the lady meekly sang the last two verses of the last hymn over again, and the little prince gave a satisfied sigh. He had had it all!

Meanwhile the candles on the tree had been burning down to dangerously small pieces. The lady smilingly blew them out, as she said, "Have you enjoyed your 'Jesus Birthday,' little prince? I think it is all over now."

"Oh, I have; I did like it all. I wish a little prince of Korea could have a 'Jesus Birthday' every year. But did you say it was all over? Is there no more, lady?"

The lady, puzzled, answered, "Why, I can think of no more."

A short silence, and then the boy spoke: "Lady, I heard it said that in your churches, when you have a 'Jesus Birthday' you give the little boys presents, and I didn't get one. Can't a prince have a present, too?" He was a prince, but the boy nature came out in the last remark. He wanted his present.

The poor, bewildered missionary said: "Oh, little prince, I would like so much to give you a present. We do give presents to the boys and girls in the churches, but I have none that will do for a little prince. You don't want

these oranges and persimmons like the little children in the churches."

"Pshaw, no! got lots of that stuff in this house."

"Yes, but you see, there is nothing else, and I am sorry. Another time I will try to see that you, too, have a present."

The disappointed face was raised once more to hers. "But, lady, I never had any of that pretty, shiny fruit on the tree."

Quickly the lady turned and removed from the tree the tinsel ornaments decorating it, the total value about twenty-five cents, and handed all the shiny "fruit" of those two wonderful Christmas trees to the young monarch. Gravely turning, he carefully passed them one by one to the waiting attendants, saying: "Don't you drop these. If you do you will have to answer to me." Then with satisfaction, "They are my 'Jesus Birthday' presents." But still he lingered. "Lady, I am sorry to bother you," pleadingly, "but could you give the little prince one of the books you make the good 'noise' out of?"

With a glad throb of joy the missionary handed him her Korean hymnal. Thanking her over and over again, he turned to her with the book clasped tightly in his hands, and with a last lingering look at what had been the Christmas trees, he saluted her in a courteous fashion and entered the palace, closely followed by his attendants, each one carefully holding in his hands the precious fruit of the Christmas tree. Our missionary closed the window, and called the gateman, who carried

the trees to the door of the servants' quarters, where the real fruit was speedily devoured.

The tired worker went to her room, but while preparing for her well-earned rest, she heard a frightful noise coming from within the palace. Hastily slipping on her outer garments, she passed around to the wall, found a convenient box, and mounted it to look over the wall into the brilliantly lighted room from which the noise came. Visions of a little prince, whose mother had a habit of spanking him when he didn't please the maternal mind, came to her with a heartache because she had been the cause of it; but to her great joy she saw that her fears were groundless. She could just see into the room, and looked upon three men, the larger of whom had clasped tightly in his hands the precious Korean hymnal, and three women hovering around trying to see as well, while before the six stood a glowing, eager little boy with hand upraised as if beating time. Still as she looked the little voice was raised shrilly suggestive: "I tell you the good 'noise' is in the book. You must get it out. Didn't I hear the lady get it out? The 'noise' you're getting out is a very bad 'noise.' Now do it again, and get the good 'noise' out or you will see what will happen." And six scared perspiring faces once more bent over the book.

The lady, returning to her own room, dropped on her knees, her heart leaping for joy, keeping time to the one strain, "Joy to the World, the Lord has Come," sung in six different keys to six different tunes in six dif-

ferent times. It was the sweetest music she had ever heard, and her last thought as she slept, with it ringing in her ears, was, "Oh, my Father, I thank thee, that thou hast let me be a missionary to Korea."

VI

THE PRINCE AT PLAY

"BUT, Your Majesty, it is to be a very warm day. The sun's burning beams already flood the garden except where the trees stand."

"I know that, 'Ko hy-een' (servant Ko)," said the crown prince of Korea fretfully. "That's why I want to go. It's too hot to sit here under the trees and just think how hot it is. I don't want to stay here. I want to go over by the wall and watch that little American boy do the funny things he calls 'ply-ing.'"

"Not ply-ing," said another official standing by, whose rank in the Emperor's household was official interpreter to the little prince. "You haven't the English word right. It is p-l-a-y-i-n-g, the little American boy says he does. But it's hot, I don't think he will be playing in his garden; better stay here and let us teach you some of the things that the 'Favourite of the Most High,' the emperor, your father, wishes you to learn."

"Oh, I have been learning every day and every day. I am only a little boy, and I'll know too much by and by. All the knowing place is tired out," and the poor little crown prince

held his little head with both hands, for he was bored to death surrounded with the five officials, with two women hovering near by. Is it any wonder that the little boy with all a boy's vigour wished to do something else than walk around through the grounds of the palace in the city of Seoul, Korea.

The officials gravely shook their heads, but followed the boy as he slowly walked out into the sunshine and over to the wall separating the palace grounds from the home of one of the missionaries from America, whose house and grounds were just next door to the palace.

The officials followed him, wiping perspiring brows, trying to shield their faces from the hot sun pouring down on them. One man in particular, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, Cho Sy-bang by name, called by the prince "Cho hy-een" (servant Cho), for these men, though officials of the palace and bodyguard to the prince, were only his servants. Such they were called and so they expected to be treated. Well, to go on with our story, Cho hy-een was subject to weather conditions, particularly a hot day. He was not very tall, but he was very stout, and as he walked, or rather waddled, out into the hot sun his heavy, bulky frame shivered with indignation and the perspiration oozed in great drops on his forehead and face and Cho hy-een was wondering whether his official position as bodyguard of the little prince was worth what it was costing him of physical suffering.

Meanwhile the little prince, with drooping eyes, tired, weary, and bored-looking, kicked

his little toes against the stones of the wall, seemingly entirely unconscious of the hot sun. Just as he was about to turn away, because there was no small boy in that garden, a door opened and a boy full of life and vigour of about the same age as the little prince (then about eight), bounded out of the doorway, laughing, a sugar cake in each hand, while his mother's Korean cook waved a floury hand at him, calling "Now that's the fourth cake this morning. If you come in here and take any more cakes I'll tell your mother." But the boy, true to the boyish impulse, only said, "Crank-i-chan-so" ("Oh, never mind"), adding, "Mother won't care if I don't get sick."

Just as he took a generous bite from the second cake, the first one having disappeared even as he talked, the boy caught sight of the little Prince and greeted him in the Korean language, boylike, with "Oh! hello there, Prince. Say, come on over; I will give you one of mother's cakes, they're fine," and the little Prince, without waiting for permission, flew past his bodyguard, out of his gate, and into the adjoining gate, and when he reached the American boy the latter had taken from his pocket a rather crumbled looking cake, and offering it at once to the prince said: "Say, old Chappie, you don't mind if it's busted, do you? It is just as fresh as the one I'm eating. It just got broken in my pocket."

The little prince's face beamed; all the tired look vanished as he grasped the cake, saying to the missionary boy: "I don't know what you

said, all of it. I like the part of it you said 'Chappie,' 'Chappie.' What's Chappie? I like Chappie."

"Oh, do you?" said his companion, speaking in Korean once more. "Well, then, that's your name, 'old man,' in the future."

"Old man," said the prince musingly. "that's another English word. I know three now." Then counting on his fingers, he began: "I know p-l-a-y-i-n-g and c-h-a-p-p-i-e and o-l-d m-a-n. My! I'll soon know your language."

The American boy grinned, but he answered, "All right, Chappie, can't you stay and play awhile? Come on down under the trees, it's hot here," and utterly regardless of the bodyguard standing near by, the American boy in a white cotton suit, cool and comfortable looking, and the little Prince clad in thin, brilliantly coloured gauzy silk clothes trotted side by side through the garden toward an old elm tree that stood just inside the gate. The bodyguard followed, all but the two women. They stood at the wall and looked over to see what next the prince was going to do.

The tree reached, a bright idea struck the American boy. "Now, look here, Chappie," he said to the prince, "I'm going to 'shinny' up that tree. I'll beat you to the top."

"'S-h-i-n-n-y,'" what's shinny?"

"Oh, I forgot; that's another American word," said his host. "Why, why—it means climb to the top of the tree."

"Oh, that'll be nice," said the prince; and as the American boy leaped for a bough the

Korean boy grasped one on the other side, but got no further up that tree. Before the prince could raise his little foot a murmur of fear ran through the group of attendants as they gazed at the American boy mounting higher and higher, from one branch to the other, like a monkey.

"Oh," said the interpreter, "His Majesty cannot do that," and stepping forward he caught the prince, drew him away from the tree, saying, "That's only for the rough foreigners to do. A prince must not disgrace himself so. Come, Your Majesty, come home; it is better so."

Disgust, weariness, and a bored expression chased each other over the face of the little prince; then he did a very undignified thing: pushing the interpreter from him he started for the tree, only to be caught and restrained by another one of the bodyguards, who murmured, "Oh, he will be killed, and then we must all die."

"Hello there, Chappie, what are they doing down there to you. What's the matter? you're not afraid, are you?" this from halfway up the tree, where the American boy peacefully reposed on a swaying branch.

The prince tried to answer, but looking around at his determined bodyguard he threw himself flat on the ground and roared out his disgust at being a Korean prince with a bodyguard, instead of an American boy.

"Oh, say there, little prince, what's up? Don't you care if those fellows won't let you; we'll play something else. I'll come down."

At these words the little prince raised himself from the ground and called up, "No, no, stay there, I like to play this;" then thoughtfully, "I can't come up, they won't let me. That's because I am a prince and must have these men around all the time, but," with determination, "we'll keep on playing it. Wait a minute."

Then he rose to his feet, and assuming all the dignity he had learned in his eight short years of life, he turned to the five men and said, "All right, I go not up the tree as does the boy from the other country, but we 'play' this way still. Now you, hy-een Kim, follow that boy and climb that tree, and you," said he to the interpreter, "stand beneath the tree and if he falls down pick him up; then," went on the business-like talk of the little prince, "you and you," addressing two others, "climb up that tree after this man. Now don't be afraid," he said, "if you fall down, he'll pick you up." An exclamation from the dismayed bodyguard, a pleading protest or two, only served to make the boy more imperative. "Hush, you fellows," he said. "You stop my play, so you've got to play yourself. Get up that tree and get up quick." As they started to obey him his eye caught sight of the man who was the least in favour of all his bodyguards, the perspiring two hundred and fifty pound Cho. "Now, you," he said, "you'll look nice up that tree. You like the shade and it's very shady up that tree; go climb the tree at once."

"Now, look here, Your Majesty," said the

" Most Favourite " official interpreter, " Come, this will not do. These men are not Americans, they cannot climb trees. Take back the command and come, let us go to the house."

" No, Kim," said the boy with determination. " I never do anything like the other boys, just because I'm a prince. If I can't do it you people will have to." Then again he repeated his command to the trembling Cho and the other three officials. Knowing pleas were useless, the three more slender officials painfully made their way part way up the tree, while the impish American boy urged them on with such sentences as " Come on up, it's nicer up here. Now don't get on that limb; it will break. Look out, the sun shines on that one. What's the matter, did you scratch your hand? Never mind a little thing like that, come on up."

All this time the little prince said not a word, but seemed to be enjoying the efforts of the men to reach the place where the American boy sat. The men were finally seated on branches about halfway up to the bough on which his host reposed, when he turned and caught sight of the trembling Cho, bathed with perspiration, scared to death, and mournfully holding on to the lowest branch just above his head.

" Now you, Cho," said the boy, " I see, you're too fat, you can't get up. Here you," he called, " Sung hy-een, come down," this to the man seated on the lowest branch; " come down here and help get Cho up the tree; he's got to go."

Sung painfully made his way down, ruefully looked at his silken garments both soiled and torn, almost too flowing a garment to climb trees with, and the baggy trousers had persisted on catching on every twig. Once more on the ground both he and the interpreter tried to reason with the boy, but the boy was the "prince," and only said, "Get Cho into that tree and get him there quick," and with many painful contortions Cho was apparently pulled, and pushed, and lifted to the lowest branch of the tree five feet from the ground. "Higher yet," said the prince. "Hurry up."

"Oh, Your Majesty——" began the interpreter.

"Hush, Kim, put him higher up; he'll have to learn to p-l-a-y if he won't let me p-l-a-y," and the struggle was on.

Cho pulled himself upward while Kim pushed from below, and Sung, throwing one arm around a limb higher up, pulled and tugged. The officials on the other limbs held fearfully to the boughs on which they sat. The tree creaked and groaned with the added weight. The American boy who had originated the game of p-l-a-y, stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth to keep from laughing outright, but the prince's face was very grave. If the weight of the nation had rested on his shoulders he could not have been more sedate.

After a mournful sigh by Cho, he was at last placed upon the next limb about eight feet from the ground, two arms around the trunk of the tree, hanging on for dear life,

hat over one ear, face scratched where he came in contact with the trunk as he climbed, silken garments almost in ribbons, perspiration rolling in streams and gathering in the folds of his neck. With him the game of p-l-a-y was not very popular. The picture was an interesting one: the host about twenty feet from the ground, choking with laughter; two disgusted looking officials on the same side with himself ten and twelve feet from the ground, respectively; on the other side of the tree the battered Cho. Three feet higher up Sung held on with one hand and wiped the perspiration from his face with the other. Below stood the prince of Korea, with gaze fastened upward as if enraptured with the view of his entire bodyguard playing bird.

The interpreter looked alternately from his fellow-labourers over the wall to the palace door. "What if the Emperor or the mother of the prince should come out of that door?" The two women standing at the wall held on to each other, fearing they might be called upon to follow suit in the p-l-a-y game.

The silence was broken by the American boy, who said, "Oh, say, old chappie, I'm afraid these men will fall. Let them off; I'll come down and talk to you. It's most dinner time, anyhow."

"One minute," said the prince. "Cho, do you like this p-l-a-y?"

"No, Your Majesty," answered Cho.

"Cho, are you going to tell tales on me to my father and mother?"

"Tales, Your Majesty?"

"Yes, Cho, tales. It's about all you've done since you've been with me."

"Oh, Your Majesty," began Cho, and just then the breezes swept the boughs of the tree and the words died in a gurgle of fear in Cho's throat as he held tighter to the trunk of the tree.

"Cho," went on the boy, "if I never ask you to p-l-a-y this way again, will you let me do some of the things I want to do?"

"Oh, yes, Your Majesty, everything," tearfully replied Cho.

"Well, then, Cho, you can come down, but don't you fall; you'll hurt yourself," and a satisfied gleam beamed in the boy's eye.

"Kim, you'd better help Cho; he'll fall down. Oh, wait a minute, he will fall." This as the frantic efforts made by Cho and Kim only succeeded in sliding Cho dangerously near the outer edge of the limb, which groaned more than ever under his weight.

"Here, you two fellows, get down from your side." This to the men seated beneath his host on the right hand side of the tree. They needed not a second bidding, but descended at once. It took the combined efforts of the three men as well as that of the American boy who, like a monkey, slid down in a moment's time and called out instructions as to how the stout man could be lifted to the ground. He reached the ground at last, with his clothes in tatters, soaked with perspiration, his hands scratched, hat broken and down over one eye, nose bleeding where it was skinned. After him came Sung, and the tree was empty.

The boy surveyed the group of humble bodyguard officials, and then said: "Now, Kim, you stay here with me, and the rest of you go over home and clean up, and remember, Cho, no more tales, or we'll p-l-a-y again." Then he watched as the dilapidated looking officials, shaking their heads and rubbing bruises very gently, walked out the gate and through the palace gate into their home.

"Stand over there, Kim, I want to talk to this boy," and going out of earshot he said to his rather scared host, "I've had a mighty fine time this morning. Your p-l-a-y is great, but I must not do it again. I am going home now to be spanked for this. My mother will spank me when she hears about it and I am going over to tell her right away to get it over. You know how that is, don't you, boy?"

"Yes," thoughtfully replied the American boy, "I know how it is; it's happened to me, but not for climbing trees. Sorry for you, Chappie. Say, they did look funny, didn't they?" and again he laughed at the mental picture of the officials.

"Yes, they did look funny, but that's not it. I have had some excitement, something going on. I was just really dying because there was nothing doing. Now something's been done and something more will be done when I get spanked; but say," and a wicked gleam of satisfaction glowed once more in his eyes. "Say, that Cho will let me p-l-a-y myself the next time, I guess. I think he's had a lesson. Your cake was good, boy, your

p-l-a-y was better. It's been a fine morning and it's worth being spanked for. Say," leaning once more close to the boy, " when you get born again, like we all have to do, don't get born a prince in a palace; get born just what you are, a boy of your country that can p-l-a-y all the time. I wish I was you, that's all; but it's worth being spanked for. 'Be in peace until we meet again.' Come, Kim," he called, " I'm going over to get spanked, if 'aumoni' (mother) has time now," and the boy was gone. Head erect, silken garments flying, weariness all gone from the face which had on it an expression of perfect happiness.

" Gee," said the American boy left behind. " He's game, all right. Too bad he is a prince. Guess I'll go to mother. I feel like kissing her because she let me be her boy—an American boy, and not the prince of Korea."

VII

YOU-PO-GIE

IN the land of Korea far away among the waters of the broad Pacific, nestles a little low group of buildings known as the Woman's Hospital of the city we will call the "Capital." Not much to boast of in the way of looks, only one story high, and a low one at that; tile roof; fireplaces under the cement floor in which the smouldering wood burned and glowed and warmed the floor for the sleeping place of the native Korean woman or child who feared to trust their sick bodies on the foreigner's raised bedsteads.

The interior is as plain as the outside, and as antiseptic as soap, water, and hard work could make it. But plain as its walls were they could have told you that many a sick and suffering one had found help for soul and body within their sheltering enclosure.

On a bright September day, just in front of the hospital where a big tree stood, might be seen standing a funny little specimen of humanity—"You-po-gie" by name, sickly by nature; slow of movement, very small of size, and with a face that was as homely as a small brown face could possibly be. A waif of the streets of two years before, found sitting be-

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side a dying mother by a kind-hearted missionary. A few days later the mother died and You-po-gie lived on until we make his acquaintance.

He was now about five years of age, and in his own little mind the main and only trouble in this life was to keep his "pah" (stomach) well enough to be able to get his regular supply of "pop" (cooked rice) at the proper meal intervals. On the day we first meet him he was not happy at all. Had you asked him he would have told you so with many and copious tears. His "pah" (stomach) had hurt him, and the "wee-won" (doctor) had given him only milk for dinner, while all the rest had rice, big bowls of it. Then, too, he wanted to sit down inside, but the nurses had brought him outside and told him to play in the sunshine, and he didn't want to play at all. So, to You-po-gie, this bright September day, life seemed scarcely worth living. We will leave him a little while to his mournful reflections as we study a little more closely his personal appearance.

He was garbed in long white baggy trousers tied at the ankle Korean fashion with bright pieces of red calico that had arrived in the missionary box from America. His short jacket with sleeves that reached to the armpit was of the same piece of calico. Therein You-po-gie's garb harmonized. Over the white trousers, tied up close under the armpit, overlapping in the back, was a long white apron skirt. The strings were tied in front, two ends and one loop that stood straight and stiff as

if trying to reach his flat little Oriental nose. On the feet were white muslin socks made of the same material as the baggy trousers. On these socks he walked around the hospital floors (Korean shoes being left at the door). But now as he stood out in the yard his little feet and socks were all placed in the cheap straw sandals commonly worn in Korea. But the most astonishing part of You-po-gie's appearance was his hair. When he came to the hospital his straight black hair was mottled with vermin and filth of the streets, and had to be shaved. How long the lad had wandered from place to place with his dying mother, from where he had come no one knew, —detectives are not as plentiful in Korea as in the streets of New York, and no one had had time to trace out You-po-gie's ancestry. However, the hospital has succeeded in getting the hair and head clean and sweet. It had grown to considerable length but was not yet long enough to make a plait down his back according to the style of boys' headgear in Korea. The native nurses in the hospital, who adored You-po-gie from the top of his head to his tiny feet in spite of his homely appearance, had sought to brighten his looks, and had taken the strands of hair and plaited them in the tiniest of plaits until the little brown head had no less than sixteen plaits, some two inches in length, each individual plait standing out in a different direction, and each plait having its own individual piece of yarn, of various colours. They, too, had come from the afore-mentioned Christmas box, so that You-po-gie was a

sight for tired eyes and a joy to behold—if you enjoy homely things. But you must not let the missionary doctor of the hospital or head nurse from America or any one of the five native nurses hear you call You-po-gie homely. Certainly there was a charm about his dear little self that beggared description. Why, one day when the photographers came to take a picture of the hospital, the American doctor took You-po-gie's hand and placed him right in front of the picture while the hospital helpers and patients, head nurse and native nurses grouped around him, and there he stood for all to behold.

But we have left him now standing out in the sunshine gazing mournfully around. You see You-po-gie did not know much about his being so loved. It had been such an everyday matter with him that he thought it just a part of life. To-day he was quite sure nobody loved him, and when the door opened and the nurse came out and gently chided him for not running around to play, his evil genius came uppermost, and shaking off her gentle hand he darted towards the door of the hospital, rushed inside, and slammed the door in her face, and with a howl of sobs threw himself on the warm Korean floor. Used to just such exhibitions of bad health and weakness You-po-gie was left to himself. All the patients in the beds longed to comfort him, so did the nurses, but they did not dare. You-po-gie's sobs would have continued indefinitely had they pitied him in the least. After half an hour had passed the doctor happened to enter the ward. Bending

over the little boy, she called the nurse and said, "Poor little chap, he is asleep, but he has been crying. What was the matter?"

"Oh! the same old trouble; he would not stay outside, and when I went to talk to him about it he ran in, threw himself down here, and went to sleep."

"Poor little man," said the big-hearted doctor, who in spite of her fifteen years of service in the hospital in Korea never had been able to keep back the tears when a Korean suffered.

"Poor little man," repeated the doctor as she looked down at him, "I have never quite understood why you were born. A stomach that is only an 'imitation,' bones that are too small to carry you through life, and a constitution generally that makes you have more days of weakness than you will ever probably have days of health. I wonder what mission in life You-po-gie will ever have. Perhaps it's just to give us something to love. Well, when he wakes give him specified quantity of milk, add one-half beaten egg, and perhaps by to-night he can have his regular allowance of 'pop' (rice) that he loves so much."

An hour after You-po-gie awoke, and when he saw the detested milk and egg that was handed him while the patients around were eating their rice, he mourned again, quietly this time, and his evil genius abided in him still. Another hour passed, temperatures were to be taken. You-po-gie had had that little glass tube stuck under his small red tongue so much that he well knew how to hold it there, but the evil genius centred upon that little glass

tube as a particularly fine thing to get our poor little friend in trouble. Certainly our own You-po-gie would never have done what this You-po-gie of the evil genius did this day. Instead of patiently holding the little tube under the togue, he slyly put up one little brown hand, slid the small tube from under the tongue, put it between his teeth, and bit it in half, and then spat it out on the floor, and—thermometers bought in America, imported into Korea, cost two dollars and fifty cents apiece.

Startled nurses ran in haste to get any pieces of glass from the little red mouth. After he had been washed out, talked at, and chided, the doctor was called to administer punishment. Such an expensive freak on the part of You-po-gie's evil genius could not be passed over, and the luckless You-po-gie was gently spanked by the foreign doctor who loved him. Another fit of sobbing, for a hurt heart was the only result of the spanking (it having been administered on top of all his clothing), and You-po-gie thought deep, dark things about doctors and nurses in general and thermometers in particular. After he had recovered somewhat the afternoon slowly wore away,—he wandered from bed to bed to receive consolation from the sick patients. Many a loving pat and word of endearment were slyly given him,—when the nurses were not looking,—and You-po-gie's evil genius remained still defiant. Four o'clock came with the renewed dose of milk and egg, and our poor hero, inspired by another attack from the genius, received the

cup of milk and egg, drank it down, and instead of handing the cup back to the nurse, dashed it with all the might in his little body against the wall, barely missing the face of Ellen, the nurse in charge Ellen reported the matter to the doctor while You-po-gie stood and looked on. Not a tear or sigh of regret was visible. The doctor ordered another spanking, this time by Nurse Ellen. Now Nurse Ellen, along with the other nurses, loved our boy, and while slightly provoked, yet the spanking was a very light one.

But again You-po-gie's heart was broken and melted into tears. Another hour of sobbing, and it was a penitent boy that bade good-bye to that evil genius for the day. So penitent was he that he went for sympathy to but one person, a sick missionary in the hospital's private room. Amid his sobs and tears he told of a naughty boy, a naughty doctor, naughty nurses, and no rice. When urged to sit down on the bed beside the missionary, his last pathetic appeal was made.

"'On-yu, on-yu, Pou-in' (No, no, lady), I can't sit down; one side the doctor spanked for the thermometer, the other the nurse spanked for the cup."

"Well," said the missionary, "suppose you try lying down"; and drawing him to her side she let him sob while one little brown paw stole around her neck, and You-po-gie slept the sleep of the wicked, or the just—who shall say?

At bedtime You-po-gie was forgiven by doctor and nurse, and for weeks You-po-gie's evil

genius steered clear of the luckless little man.

But we must hasten with our story of how You-po-gie found his mission in life, and the doctor learned one reason why You-po-gie had been born.

Four months later as morning prayers in the hospital were concluding the Bible woman of the native church in the town rushed into the doctor's office, and when the doctor entered the room, excitedly told her of a queer, sad case in the village that had come to her notice that day. A woman about sixty years of age had yielded herself as a servant of the "Mahgue" (the evil one), so the story went, and had offered to him prayers and incense, asking to be his useful instrument. He seemed to have taken her at her word, for she had speedily developed into a blasphemous, raving creature with all the cunning of a maniac. She had been for several days a terror and menace to her heathen relatives and the neighbours round about, the Bible woman stated; and a Christian family living near by had sent for the Bible woman to pray with her. The Bible woman, fearing the case too much for her, persuaded the heathen relatives to bring her to the hospital. "And," said the woman, "listen, listen; she is at the gate now. Don't you hear her?"

Truly the doctor heard her, and hurrying to the gate she stood dismayed at the sight of a woman struggling in the arms of her son and son-in-law, wild of eye, long hair streaming, frothing at the mouth; she was enough to

strike terror to the stoutest heart. Seeing at a glance that the woman needed medical attention, the doctor quickly decided to see what she could do with her. A place was prepared in a vacant corner of the hospital, and while the patients watched, the woman was put upon the warm Korean floor, and a hypodermic of soothing medicine was administered. While she slept she was thoroughly bathed, her hair combed and neatly arranged, medical attention given, and the doctor hoped that upon her waking she might be almost cured, but this was not to be. In a few hours she was so violent that sheets were used to tie her, so she might not harm herself or others round about her. But the straps that bound her had no effect upon the tongue, and the blasphemous and foul language that poured from the lips of the poor old woman was dreadful to those who understood the Korean language. The doctor stood in despair, nurses hovered near, assisting when they could. From time to time the sheets were torn asunder as if they had been ribbon, and the head American missionary nurse undertook to assist with another hypodermic of medicine, but the women were not strong enough to hold the sick one. One hand got loose, snatched at the white cap pinned to the nurse's hair, tore it from her head; and pin, cap, and a handful of hair, wrenched from the head, were speedily torn to little pieces, and all were in despair.

At this critical juncture, the door of the hospital opened, and the little figure of our friend You-po-gie entered the ward. His face was

beaming with joy. For three days he had had "pop" every day, and now he had had a run in the sunshine which was given an added zest since he had been permitted to don his new coat, and discard his apron-skirt which he had long detested. His coat was called "tou-re-mackie," and was exactly like the outside coat of all grown boys and men in Korea. It had been given him at Christmas time along with the slate, pencil, and toys that came in another Christmas box. Why, he had even had his picture taken in it with the other sick children in the hospital. What if he did look scared in the picture. He was always afraid of having his picture taken. (Life held many fears for our little lad.)

My, how he loved that coat! It was coloured bright red, and had several layers of good cotton batting between the outside material and the lining. This cold January morning he had been allowed to put it on with many injunctions to be careful, and as he came in the hospital, eager to show he had taken care of that precious "tou-re-mackie," he found the doctor and nurses and the raving woman all too busy to pay any attention to his own small self. He clutched the dress of one of the nurses, who motioned him to be quiet, and he stood with eyes big and wide and listened to the ravings of the poor old demon-possessed woman. Suddenly You-po-gie's good spirit came to the front, and he found his mission in life. Without a word to any one he let go of the nurse's dress, trotted over to the raving woman, and seemingly utterly fearless, placed

his hand on her head. He said, "Why, you naughty bad old 'Hol-man-ie' (grandmother, the title of respect from the young to the aged in Korea). You are making a lot of noise, and you have got to be good if you stay here." You-po-gie had had experience and knew.

The horrified doctor darted forward to catch the child before the woman could hurt him, but You-po-gie waved her back.

"Stay there, doctor; I'll make her be good," he said, and that was exactly what he did.

The woman with one mighty jerk released her hands from the strappings which bound them, and gathering the little lad in her arms, she slowly rocked back and forward, crooning to him words of love: "Ah! my baby, my baby, my own lost grandchild come back to me. 'Ah-dol, ah-dol' (son-son), why did you stay away so long? They put you in the ground, but you got up and came back to me. Don't leave me again."

Fearfully the spectators waited, expecting an outcry from You-po-gie, but our little man had come into his own. He had found his mission in life. Nestling his little brown head with its many zephyred plaits against the strange cold breast as he patted her face with one little brown hand, he said, "Yes, grandmother, be good and I will always stay."

She had taken him for her dead grandson, and instinctively You-po-gie accepted the position, and after a little coddling from her he released himself from her clinging arms, saying, "Take away the straps, doctor. She will be good now; let us give her some 'pop.'"

The nurses prepared the food and watched as You-po-gie with spoonful after spoonful fed the old woman first, his own little bowl waiting near by. After the rice had been eaten, she watched him as he ate his, perfectly quiet except for a murmur of love words now and then which he answered with a beaming smile, which made the old heart beat faster, and the nurses again wanted to devour our You-po-gie whole from sheer love. When the eating was all done, he told the new-found grandma to lie down, seated himself beside her and sang her to sleep.

Now right here a word of explanation is necessary. You-po-gie had attended services in the church next door to the hospital every Sabbath when well enough so to do. He had been invited to learn and recite his verse with the patients at morning prayers. He had seemingly tried so to do, but in the two years of his life in the hospital had learned but one verse perfectly, and that one was, "Jesus wept." True he had memorized the first and last words of several other verses, but beyond that he had never gotten. The Lord's Prayer had suffered the same way—"Our Father—in Heaven—for Jesus' sake, Amen," was all of that he knew; and as for the hymn,—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

"Yes, Jesus loves me," the first line of the chorus, was all he had accomplished in that. Everybody had given up teaching him, think-

ing he was unable to learn, but on this amazing day, when You-po-gie came into his own, he was heard singing to the old lady the entire verse and chorus of the hymn, besides repeating softly many sentences of the Lord's Prayer that he never before had been known to repeat voluntarily, and following all this with almost a whole verse of one of the verses he had seemingly been unable to learn.

The old lady slept at last, and as the little lad left her he was seized by doctor and nurses alike and caressed until his little heart was full to overflowing with the wealth of love showered on him. He was awakened from his afternoon nap by the hideous wails of the woman, who had awakened and missed him. Bounding up from his little bed, he ran to her and once more quieted her by talking to her. After a while he explained to her that he must run outside and play a while. She was loath to have him go, but after an afternoon lunch had been administered by the nurse to You-po-gie, and by You-po-gie to the woman first, and himself afterward, he gained consent to go to the garden and play. The woman could see him from the window, and seemed very quiet, but after two hours when he forgot and ran behind the hospital, she lost sight of him, and the old rage possessed her once more. The boy heard her from the outside and, running back, flew into her arms, soothed her, scolded her, told her Jesus loved her when she was good, exhibited to her his new "toure-mackie" with great pride, and again the lion was a lamb, and the boy had won.

"THE DOCTOR TOOK HIM BY THE HAND. THERE YOU-PO-GIE STOOD FOR ALL TO BEHOLD"

For almost two weeks You-po-gie took sole charge of the poor old woman, standing by when she was bathed and dressed, and doing whatever the nurse bade him do to help them until the relatives of the woman once more came to see how she was getting on. Finding her so quiet they decided to take her home. The doctor urged them not to, explaining what You-po-gie had done in the case, and that she still needed medical attention, but they would not listen. You-po-gie stood by her side, one arm tightly clasped around her neck as the men lifted her and placed her in a Korean travelling chair. She set him on her lap, and he was carried as far as the hospital gate, where the doctor interfered and lifted the boy in her own arms. There he waved good-bye, and told the woman he would come to see her if she was good, but that Jesus loved her. She called to him and seemed to go frenzied again as the chair went down the road. You-po-gie sighed as the doctor led him in the hospital, saying: "They ought to let her be with me; she won't be good without me, 'Wee-won,' till she knows Jesus loves her. I could teach her that."

"Yes, verily," said the doctor, in words You-po-gie could not understand, "'A little child shall lead them.'"

Our story grows too long, but of course you will want to know that the Bible woman followed up the case, found that the old woman had raved several times, calling for the boy, but would quiet down when a Christian neighbour repeated to her, "Jesus loves you."

Within two weeks' time, disease and old age

had their way, and the old woman died. but the last words the Christian neighbours heard her repeat were, " Jesus loves,—the boy said it,—Jesus loves,"—and the worn-out body yielded to the last master—Death.

They never told You-po-gie she had died, but the little boy seemed to lose strength rapidly. For over a year he lingered, now sick, now better, and one day when the doctor held him in her arms for a brief moment he asked for the sick missionary who had gone to America, and for the old woman he " tried to make good." He whispered in the doctor's ear, " They all go way, my friends, and they don't come back. I am so tired, ' Wee-won.' " And the doctor, with tears in her eyes, said, " Yes, dear, rest," and a few hours after You-po-gie rested with Jesus.

VIII

A LETTER FROM SEOUL

September 16, 19—.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER:—I shall try now to write you that long delayed letter from Korea. I wish I might make it interesting to you, but I feel unable to "tell it all" as you asked me to do before I left home. As I sit here in my study in this American-built missionary home at the East Gate of the city, high up on the hill overlooking the town, I feel as I look out over the city that this letter can never picture to your mind this strange "Land of the Morning Calm," but I will do my best.

See, if you can, a little town enclosed by two mountain ranges reminding one of the passage in the Bible where it says, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about them that fear him." The town nestles here thus shut in, surrounded by a wall said to be thousands of years old, quite crumbled in many places, yet still a wall, four great gates piercing it. The North Gate, the South Gate, the West Gate, and this our own East Gate, which is two stories in height. The gateway itself is narrow and small and arched overhead, what we would call the sec-

ond story of the gate is a place where in ancient times the soldiers are said to have stood to keep the enemy from entering the gates. Funny little stone monkeys are perched around the edge of the second story part of the gate. These are supposed to be powerful aids in the keeping away of evil spirits who might want to enter the city and cause trouble to its inhabitants. This is a portion of ancient Korea's superstitious belief. All the gates have these strange images perched on the edge of the structures and they are real queer looking when close to them.

How I wish you could come here and see these things for yourself: that would be better than all. Maybe you can some day, but now you are just a little girl of America, loved by everybody in the home. Your life is so free from fear and superstition you will hardly understand why it is that old Korea has had superstition so long a time in her midst. I would like some day to see you come yourself, as I have come, to try to rid Korea of her fears and troubles and tell her about the Jesus who loves Korea and America as well; but you are a little girl as yet, many lessons must be studied, many inches you must grow, and many things must come to pass ere you are big enough to come to Korea, so while you are waiting your turn to cross the broad Pacific you shall take with me this little journey around our city called Seoul, the capital of Korea.

We will now go on a car which runs several miles outside the city, passing through the

gate and across the city to the West Gate three miles away. The trolley car is a new venture for Korea. American mine owners have placed the power house here inside the East Gate; have a single track across the city and a very few cars. The cars are open at each end, the people sit back to back, and there is a small closed place in the centre of the car, not very large, but much warmer in the winter time than these outside shelf-like seats. Korean motormen and conductors run the cars, and it is said that when the cars were first run upon the track they had to send the conductors walking ahead of the car to persuade the Koreans to step out of the middle of the track where they had been standing watching the car as it approached them; others, finding the tracks just about as high as the pillows used in their homes (for their pillows consist of something placed in the back of the neck), had rested their weary bodies and were soon asleep with heads on the track. All this took time and the cars made only about two trips a day for a long time. In spite of their precaution several Koreans were hurt, and the people tried to mob the cars, but they are running now, and you can travel across the city three miles in three-quarters of an hour, if the car makes its usual time.

Suppose we try a trip on a car. We will sit here on the outside so we can see things, but be careful to hold on to the side of the seat, as the road is rough in places and you might be jarred off. Don't be dismayed at the dust. You have to get used to that in Korea. Well,

we're off! You will notice first the houses, just low huts, built of rough stones, tied together with straw rope, then plastered with mud. Huts or hovels you might call them, but they are the only buildings the Korean people know to call their homes. No, they do not call them homes; their word means house. The people of heathenism know nothing of homes nor of music, nor of caring for the sick and afflicted, nor of the healing art of medicine and surgery. All these, dear, belong to the land where Christ Jesus has had the right of way. You notice these houses have straw roofs. There is one with a tile roof. Probably that man has a little more money than the rest of his neighbours, for tile roofs cost more, though they wear longer.

The smoke! Oh, yes, that comes from the chimney of the house, but the chimney is under the house. There are flues built under the floors, wood is burned in them, and the smoke comes from the burning wood which will heat the cement floor so it will be quite comfortable to sit on with oil paper pasted over it and a mat or two for the only chairs. But the car is going and we are not looking at things. Notice the coolie. He's got a great heavy bag of rice on his back, but he is a very important person in Korea. He is the burden bearer of Korea. You see the little narrow roads leading between the houses are too small to run carts on, and so the man has become the burden bearer of Korea. He will carry your trunk, weighing a hundred and fifty or two hundred and fifty pounds, strapped to his back,

walking steadily for three or four hours, up the mountains, out into the country, and returning to the city the same day with his burden, to all appearances none the worse for his trip; but you must not let him know he is necessary to you or you will pay him six times as much as his work is worth. These carts on this main road carry several bags of rice. See, they are drawn by oxen, or sometimes by several men. But these can only go on the main roads.

Next we see the water carrier, with a bucket hanging on each side of a horizontal bar strapped to his back. Water is hard to get in Korea. The old superstition still bothers the people. They have always imagined their country was on the back of a dragon, and they feared if they dug wells to get water that the dragon would be offended, and earthquake and dire disaster would follow, so the water has to be carried from the river or from the wells that some people have been brave enough to dig in spite of the dragon, and therefore water is sold to the householder and is very precious. Most of the bathing of Korea is done where the washing is done, in streams or ditches flowing to and from the river some distance outside of the city. The white clothes of the people—what do you say? "They are not very white." Well, no, they are not very white, but perhaps ours would not be white either if they were only washed once in three, four, or five months. Since there are a good many in the family, it takes a good while to get around to wash each one's clothes. You see, they

must all be ripped apart and the lining of cotton taken out, then they must be beaten on the stones in the streams, then the material must be wrapped around funny wooden rollers and ironed with ironing sticks, and this means that these wooden sticks beat the clothes as it is wrapped around the roll until it has quite a gloss on it and looks very neat and pretty when it is all made up again. The material is usually muslin. What's that you say? "The children, a good many of them, have bright coloured clothes." Oh, yes, they do. The colour washes out, however, and they are re-dyed after they are washed. Fast coloured dyes are not yet known in Korea. If the Y. M. C. A. are successful with their industrial school, Korea will be taught very shortly to use fast dyes and to do things differently. What's that? "There is a child without any clothes." Yes, that is natural to Korea during the months between the first of May and the first of October. The parents claim that the children do not need the clothing, they are too warm, so the little folks run about the streets until they are about eight or ten years of age clothed only in the straw sandals on the feet, a hair ribbon on the plaited hair, and the sunshine. These are mostly the boys. The missionaries are insisting upon children being clothed, much to the distress of these little fellows. My Bible woman came to me the other day with a tale of how she had gone almost daily to a certain district to help the Christians keep their children clothed. She said she went one day and found a little boy covered with

sunshine but nothing else. She recognized him as the child of one of the new Christian families. She led him to his home, called his mother, and told her he must have his clothes put on. The mother, in great distress, explained, "Oh, dear Pou-in (lady), four times this day have I put on his clothes and four times has he taken his clothes off in the street while I was busy in another part of the house, rolled them into a bundle, and thrown them in the gateway, where I found them, but couldn't find him. Each time I have gotten him when I went to the street for him, and I have scolded him and I have whipped him, and yet again he is without them, and what shall I do?" The Bible woman said she looked down at the little brown specimen of humanity, and looking into the bright brown eyes, said: "Why don't you keep your clothes on like other Christian little boys?" "Well," answered the young hopeful of the Kim family, "Now for *why* should I wear my clothes; the days are very hot, cold I am not, and the clothes they are only in the way. My parents they are the Christians both, but I, I am not a Christian boy because I don't want to wear the clothes, for it is too hot." When the Bible woman told me this, little sister dear, I remembered some of the days when you were a very little girl and wanted to run about the house and the garden, and once we caught you out in the street with your shoes and stockings off, and your explanation was, "But it's too hot, the shoes and stockings are only in the way. The little boy that sells papers has no

shoes and stockings on, why should I have them?" But it is mean to remind you of this now when you are grown and see the necessity of shoes and stockings, as no doubt that little boy now sees the necessity for clothes.

You say, "There are horses!" Those are hardly horses. That is one of the little Korean ponies. They are all rather wild. You see, he has a load of brushwood on his back. That is for somebody's fire. The poor people burn the brushwood instead of the logs of wood. Logs are too expensive. Well, the ponies of Korea are very interesting. I have an idea that the only creature in Korea that will never be "converted" is the Korean pony. You see, this one is dirty, as they all are; but the way the Korean pony can decide to become clean all of a sudden is quite interesting. His efforts in that line usually occur when he has a missionary's load of food and bedding strapped to his back, or when a missionary is seated on his back for a long country trip and he sees a stream of water ahead of him. There are very few bridges across the streams in Korea, and the pony is always urged to walk carefully through the stream of water to the opposite bank, but there's where the desire to take a bath usually strikes him. The way he can throw his load or unseat the adventurous foreigner by rolling on his back in the water, only to rise and canter away, scattering what is left of the load on his back for at least a mile, is indeed a marvellous feat.

One day there was a missionary seated on

top of a load of bedding on a pony's back. The pony carried that missionary safely across the stream and started up the bank on the opposite side. He got halfway up to a sort of a shelf in the bank, then paused to rest, and at the command of the boy who was leading him, he started up the rest of the incline, only about four feet higher up. Suddenly he gave a wicked little toss to his head, and with a movement or two of those nimble little limbs, loosened that load of bedding, and, placing himself in as graceful a position as he could to get that load of bedding off, he soon sent it sliding down his little brown back; and after it had reached the ground, with the missionary underneath it, and underneath the missionary the boy who had been following behind, he peacefully walked the rest of the way up the bank, turned, and laughed. Yes, he did, little sister, he really laughed as he surveyed the downfall of the hated foreigner. Meanwhile, from under the missionary somewhere came the weak voice of the boy, saying: "I am killed entirely; but, lady, where are you? Are you hurt?" But the missionary, managing to get her breath as she pushed the load from off her face, said: "No, not hurt; just resting. Where's the pony?" In answer to the question, the voice beneath her somewhere said: "Lady, if you will take your rest over on the ground a little way and let me get out, I will try to find the pony." And again the pony laughed right out loud, and, do you know, sister, when that missionary sat up, releasing the boy beneath her, and pushing the load of bed-

ding from on top of her, she looked an awful lot like your sister; but you need not tell any one this. That missionary has been crossing streams in Korean chairs since. She doesn't like ponies very much since that time; *they laugh too much.*

Ah, here is a pony getting on a new shoe; as you see, he must be tied on every side. His head is tied, his tail is tied to one leg, each leg has a separate rope fastened to four posts, and there are two men trying to hold him as well. He doesn't like to get new shoes, and he will successfully resist this one if they are not careful.

Now, we are on the main shopping street of the city. Here are the stores all opening right out on the street. You see, there are no sidewalks on the streets of Seoul. All the goods are right out on the place that would be the sidewalk at home. At night the things are all piled inside of the boxlike structure called the store. Heavy boards are slid into a groove in front, and, behold, the whole store is safely closed. Here is a store where they sell everything made of rice straw, and the number of things the people make out of rice straw baffles description. Brushes, brooms, mats, and mattings, mourning hats for the sons of the family whose father had died, baskets, shoes, and many things I cannot stop to mention. The next shop sells water jars to hold the water brought from the few wells of the city or purchased from the water carriers. We have our own well on our compound. A compound, you know, is a closed-in portion of ground with

a wall running around it that contains the buildings that belongs to each mission station; but to go back to the water jars: I often wonder if these were not exactly like the water jars used in the days of Jesus when he lived over in Palestine. Oh, that these people may soon learn of the Master who can fill their lives from the "Water of Life" as he filled the water jars with the bright rich wine at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee.

You say, "We do not see many women." No, dear, women do not travel the streets as they do in our country. Only the older women of the household go out and do the washing. There is a woman with a water jar on her head, carrying it as they used to do in the days of Jesus. Women of Korea are very secluded; little girls of your size as well. Oh, my dear child, look at this picture of "Korean girlies" that I have sent you, and be glad that these bright little folks are learning of cleanliness and Christlikeness and their houses are becoming homes in every sense of the word because missionaries are here to tell them.

Have you noticed the hats of the Korean men? Those black hats are made of horsehair, and are put on after a man is married. Until that time the boys wear their hair down their back, plaited, just as the girls do, but at marriage the hair from the centre of the head is shaved, the rest is drawn up in a topknot at the top of the head. A horsehair band is placed around the head, then the hat is put on and tied under the chin. A man wears his

hat from the time he arises in the morning until he goes to bed at night. He keeps his hat on in the house, but takes his sandal-like shoes off at the door, just the opposite to what we do. There are two gentlemen who have rain hats on top of their other hats. The rain hat is made of oil paper and is tied on with a string over the other hat. When folded together it looks like a fan, and the men always carry them with them in case it might rain. One of the lady missionaries told me that she had written a letter home when she had been here about a month, and told her people that her Korean teacher always carried his fan with him, though it was the middle of winter; what she thought was a fan was only the rain hat. She learned better later.

But we have almost reached the West Gate of the city and our journey is at an end. Here near the West Gate is located the palace of the Emperor, in which lives the little prince of whom I intend to write shortly. He is a bright little fellow, and would like to learn the foreign ways and customs if permitted to do so. Here also are the legations of all the different nations where the ministers or consuls live. Here, also, is an active centre of our own mission, with a girls' and boys' school, our hospital, called "The Salvation for All Women Hospital," and several of our churches.

From time to time, dear, I hope to write you incidents about the people in this hospital and experiences of my own, and since you always say "tell it to me like a story," I will try to write them in story form after this, just

to please you, for even as I write to-day I can feel your little arms around my neck, the kisses you gave me that last night before I left home for the night train, as, sleepy and tired, you were about to be carried off to bed. Do you remember what you said to me then, dear, as I held you, oh, so tight, knowing it would be years before I saw you again? Do you remember how in sleepy tones you said, "Don't stay long, sister; go tell the little children of Korea about Jesus, but don't stay long; do it quick." I am doing it, dear, but it is not very quick work, and you will have to wait awhile till sister comes back to you; but, dear heart, it is partly for your sake, as I feel again the clinging arms around my neck that I go out to hunt into the byways and the hedges of Korea to find the little ones who are not so fortunate as you are and, oh, I love them, Mamie; next to your own dear little self, in my heart are the children of Korea.

Your loving sister,

M——.

IX

THE RINGING BELLS

IN some of our city hospitals a bell is rung each time that an ambulance case arrives. Listen! there is a bell ringing at this moment. *One bell*—an emergency case. But this bell has a distant sound—it is ringing in China. A man has fallen from a tree; there he lies, mangled and suffering. Why does not some one hear his groans? Where is the needed help—the physician, the ambulance? Ah! we are in China now; there is no physician here. Many look at him and pass on, leaving him to die. They do not know what to do and they do not care. The knowledge and the sympathy are in another land.

Clang! The bell rings once more, but in our own city. Then minutes pass by; the man has been carefully carried into our city hospital. An anæsthetic is given, the X-ray is used, and the patient wakes to find a limb gone, but his life is saved and there is prospect of a speedy recovery. Why the difference in these two cases? The last bell rang in a Christian land, the first in a foreign country, and *nearly all the physicians are here.*

But hark! *Two bells* are ringing—a surgical call. A hurried operation, to save a life!

Yes, but the operation will not be performed, the life will not be saved. That summons came from Siam, and there is no medical missionary at hand. What is the answer to the two bells? *"Enough to do at home."*

Three bells—how they startle! A medical case. Yes, a child in convulsions, but do not hurry. The sound of the three bells comes from Africa. A witch doctor prescribes for her, a red-hot probe is pressed through the top of her head to let the demons out. Well, they are gone, but the soul went with them. The child is at least free from suffering.

But I hear three bells ringing in the homeland. It is a child in America that is ill—one of our own darlings. Soon the doctor comes. There is the quiet footfall of the nurse, the shaded lamp, and all that skill can do to relieve the little sufferer. One hour passes, two—yes, she will live! But this is America. Why this difference? *Does God love American children best?*

But *four bells* are ringing now—ringing in the homeland. Quick, doctor! Hurry, nurse! Two lives depend upon your skill. It is a charity case, yet how careful the treatment bestowed on mother and child.

But listen! Four bells ringing out loud and clear from the zenanas of India. O women doctors! Can you not see the agony, the foul treatment, the needed help? But there is no one to help. The child lives, but it is only a girl; the girl mother, too, but to a life of misery, pain, and contempt, *with no one to comfort and no one to care.*

Oh, the ringing bells! It seems as if they will madden the brain and break the heart with their unanswered appeals. "Lord of harvest, send forth labourers!" But how vain our prayers unless with them goes the answering cry, "Here am I, Lord; send me."

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